THE WINNING FIGHT

HERBERT KAUFMAN

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By HERBERT KAUFMAN

OWEN W. BREWER
Chicago

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by Herbert Kaufman

When you stop to think of what you ve done,
And you count your struggles, one by one,
The times when you stood, tho' you wished to run—
When it cost a mighty lot to stick
And play the game without a trick,
Tho' all the while (if you'd been slick)
You might have saved both time and cash,
But you chose instead to go to crash
Rather than let your honor smash—
When you measure yourself against the rest
And find that you stood the hardest test
And, because of your code, came out the best—
If you've always kept on the clean, straight side,
And there isn't a thing that you wish to hide,
You're well entitled to glow with pride—
If your ways and your days have all been right,
And you're not afraid of the strongest light,
You've fought the only Winning Fight.

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The twentieth century was born without a memory—it's so busy with today's achievements and tomorrow's projects that no one has time to remember yesterday's exploits.

THE MODERN PACE

Opportunity changes her pass-word every day—the world is spinning four times as fast as it used to. A few misguided astronomers may try to dispute the fact—but they're living "among the stars." The man who hasn't progressed is like the householder who expects the key of his old flat to fit his new home—"he can't get in."

Information soon becomes obsolete in an age where improvement dismantles more machinery than wear and tear—which incubates sky-scrapers over-month—which sets up a creed one week and upsets it the next—which creates a hero yesterday and changes his laurel wreath to a fool's cap to-morrow.

No man is secure who feels a sense of security. Self-complacency is a frost—it kills growth. Self-satisfaction is a rust—it

The Modern Pace

dulls brilliance. The universe wants new ways of doing old things and the new ways become old over-night.

The twentieth century was born without a memory—it's so busy with today's achievements and tomorrow's projects that no one has time to remember yesterday's exploits.

The new era has cancelled the lie of vested right. Position and assured status can no longer be inherited. The millions have at last overtaken the thousands. The sons of service are standing shoulder to shoulder with the sons of privilege. The barriers are down—this is the day of equal chance—when any man may have what he wills if he possess the strength to reach it.

Those whose fathers had but the right to use their hands may now employ their brains. New view-points bred of centuries of peasant's dreams and forbidden ambitions are dominant.

An eager Americanism is measuring off centuries in ten-year lengths—crowding days of energy into hour spaces. The older mankind grows the younger its masters

become. The modern pace is wearing upon humans as wheels are worn when they race at reckless speed.

The narrow man can't survive. Broader chests and broader foreheads are ready to replace him. The young man is challenging his ability. Unless he constantly renews his vitality and reviews his knowledge—unless he keeps posted and keeps pacing—unless he adds to his mental kit the newer tools of thought and trade—the newer systems and the newer economics—he cannot hope to compete in the after-building.

Just as the power-riveter replaces a score of hammers—just so the new type of man—the virile, full-nerved, terrific, high-tension worker is pounding down the unfit.

There is no mercy for the weakling—the battle-field of Caesar's day was not more brutal. Human nature has not changed—only the weapons. The Roman fought with steel for gold—we are fighting with gold for steel.

The moment you become a foolish miser, gloating over your yesterdays, you are lost.

The Modern Pace

You must keep absorbing new ideas as well as new air. You must build your walls higher and thicker and constantly. New men with new strength and new weapons of competition are "marching onward in the dawn" to give you contest—they ask no quarter—they grant none.

Walls crumble and empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

THE DREAMERS

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The World has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love are not the fires which wrought their resolution into

The Dreamers

steel. Grief only streaks their hairs with silver, but has never greyed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of Destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which, but for one man's dream, would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river bed and chain the islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and

add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the Way—who never wear Doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

The Dreamers

Walls crumble and empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors—their vassals are the years.

He seeks his model in a mirror—measures himself by his own image and never falls short of his ideal. He is intolerable of the rest of the world—and to it.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL

His conceit is his defeat—his constancy to himself is a model of devotion for all lovers. He neither wishes nor misses the regard of others—he's a combination Darby and Joan.

He seeks his model in a mirror—measures himself by his own image and never falls short of his ideal. He is intolerable of the rest of the world—and to it.

He heeds what pleases him most and not what helps him—he makes no friends because he destroys the basis of friendship—that frankness which warns a man of his errors before they have time to grow into habits. He is insulted at the truth—he has not learned and will not be taught that sincerity is seldom flattering and that flattery is never sincere.

His universe is a swelled head with

The Man Who Knows It All

the pronoun "I" for an axis. His brain is stunted because he will not let it expand—he denies it nutrition—he is no longer in an absorptive mood—he considers himself beyond the point of learning and is therefore unfit to teach.

His ability lessens as his complacency grows—his sense of humor soon deserts him or he would realize that he is long-eared instead of long-headed. He is a boor and a bore, constantly inflicting his lopsided theories and advice upon his listeners. Those who voluntarily remain within his circle are objective—they have either found a use for him or hope that he will find a use for them.

He builds life badly because he builds alone—in his hour of opportunity he neglects to earn well-wishers and in his hour of distress his smirking, fawning intimates (upon whom he has burdened his offensive mannerisms) are first to add their kicks to that of misfortune.

He carries his egotism into his business. If in earlier years he created a success, he

insists that all who follow after him must of necessity either be followers or be fools. He does not know that he is wrong until he is wrecked—his conceit makes him color-blind to all signals of danger. He sniffs at his competitors and permits them to expand without opposition until they can sniff at him.

He must fail because he does not keep his mental mechanism up-to-date—he must fail as inevitably as a hatter who persists in creating styles which please himself, without regard to the wishes of his customers. He is like the recruit who declared himself the only man in the entire regiment keeping proper step.

You can't help him, because he can't hear you—there is no deafness so complete as that of egotism—no blindness so absolute as that of those who will not open their eyes.

He is a danger and a menace to any enterprise—a stubborn mule hitched with his head toward the dashboard.

One wagon wheel turning in reverse

The Man Who Knows It All

action forces the other three to strain doubly hard—one such man in a business can uselessly double the work of all his associates. He is always sure that he is in the right, but he never takes into account how much his rights have a right to weigh for the "right of way."

The sooner he is eliminated the better for all concerned—he is a solitaire player and doesn't belong in a game with partners.

He is neither curable nor endurable. He's a cheap riddance at any price—even at his own idea of his value.

Those who yearn to wear the laurel wreath must learn to bear the fool's cap. The difference between a jackass and genius isn't so much a matter of ears as of years.

THAT FOOL

If you hope to improve the world, first look to be reproved. Man is suspicious of his benefactors. Jenner was fought and cursed for fighting the small-pox curse. The universe does not drop its beliefs—they must be knocked down by proof. The mere possession of knowledge is nothing—it is totally useless until it is used.

You can't plant a new crop in an old field until you clear away the stubble. The birth of an idea usually means the death of an ideal.

Columbus was sure that the world was a giant apple and not a geological pan-cake, but he had to produce a western hemisphere before the fifteenth century believed in an eastern one.

Your father had the chance to buy a share of the original telephone stock, but because he was an average man and there-

fore narrow and suspicious of all that he did not understand, he congratulated himself upon his common sense and invested the money in cigars.

Your ancestors broiled a few thousand gentlemen for insulting their vanity—for the terrible crime of thinking differently.

Those who yearn to wear the laurel wreath must learn to bear the fool's cap. The difference between a jack-ass and genius isn't so much a matter of ears as of years.

Great ambitions must be backed by great control, great denial and great determination. They who understand most are sometimes least understood.

Just one man in a hundred can see beyond his nose—the short-sighted people are in the majority—and the majority rules. Only imagination can visualize what is to be—most people have no imagination, therefore they doubt and ridicule what they do not comprehend. To them the oak is never apparent in the acorn.

"That fool" rang in the ears of every crusader of progress. Most illustrious men divide their careers into three chapters:

Chapter One
The time when they jeered me.

Chapter Two
The time when they cheered me.

Chapter Three
The time when they feared me.

Fortune disdains mere ability—brain is nothing without bravery. The man who can be thrashed by a sneer has retreated before he is defeated. Half the new town-halls are gifts from "blamed fools" who left home because they couldn't get a sixty-horse-power opportunity in a one-horse village. Marshall Field was dismissed for incompetency by a brilliant cross-roads merchant prince.

Success is only for those who are willing to stand by their standards—who are ready

That Fool

to endure the siege of misjudgment—who are prepared to face the fire of criticism and to accept defeat until they become vaccinated against it. Most men who gave up would have arrived if they had kept up.

Nothing can be accomplished by a coward —everything is possible to the courageous. The realm of "You Can't" is dwindling every year—its coast-line is being eaten away by each successive surge of advancement. The greatest works of humanity are still incubating in the womb of time. They will be achieved by the "fools" who won't lie down until they've downed some lie.

Fate is old and wise and cunning—and cruel. Every time she thinks of him she grins. Every time she looks at him she winks. She has made him overpay.

THE FAILURE

When the bookkeeper reaches the office he finds him puzzling through the mail and scheming out his coming nine hours of routine. He hasn't had a month's vacation since he slipped in harness. He takes a scant half hour for luncheon—even at fifty years of age he hasn't earned the right to a leisurely midday cigar. His daily path runs in a straight line from his desk to his bed.

He's a slave, shackled to the most worthless ambition that ever dulled a soul.

The pace—the monotonous, unvarying schedule—the grinding, binding, blinding self-drive—the steady trudging onward under the lash of his own will, have so worn him and torn him that his nerves are peeping through their threadbare coats—by day, spoiling his temper and his digestion; by

night, squirming and twisting at his peace as he begs them for the relaxation of calm sleep.

Life has cheated him by teaching him to cheat himself. The fruits of success have never been sweet upon his lips—he has only tasted the bitter rind.

His mind is channeled and all his thoughts run in one deep groove—the same sorts of thoughts in the same groove. The only book he knows is his ledger. He has never permitted Ruskin to carry him along the canals of Venice and re-weave the tapestry of the Renaissance. Nor under the magic spell of "Idylls of the King" has he seated himself in the lists of chivalry where Sir Lancelot would gladly joust for his pleasure.

Michelangelo and Titian have wrought in their fine frenzy of genius, but his eyes have never known the glories of their master craft. The Alps have poked their frosted old noses into the clouds—Lugano has purled and sobbed against her rocks—the sun has painted purple the white walls of Tangier every day since he possessed the

key to his liberty, but the chains have never dropped from his ankles long enough for him to paint their majesty upon the canvas of his memory. The Failure

He is the most abject failure that ever succeeded in life.

And yet you have envied him and wished to stand in his stead. You have paused before his marble cell and cursed the fortune which denied you the right to have what he possesses—his worthless hoard of unspent and unspendable money.

He can buy a thousand shares of Steel as readily as you can purchase a crimson cravat—he can own the site of a city as easily as you can take title to your allotted six foot of peace-earth. But with all of his wealth he can't buy what you possess —youth, and the opportunity to turn existence into life.

Fate is old and wise and cunning—and cruel. Every time she thinks of him she grins. Every time she looks at him she winks. She has made him overpay. She has sold at the price of gold and loaded him

down with riches which at his possession have changed from preciousness into uselessness.

Now it's too late. He's too old to know. All the mystery and the charm and the marvel of things—all the poetry and beauty and wonder of his days are gone. He ran by them too fast to read—only the last chapters are before him—he can't turn back the pages of Life. For thirty years he planned "tomorrow"—the only thing in the world that never arrives. At twenty he could have found joy, at thirty enjoyment, at forty amusement, but at fifty he can't play.

He has deadened every sense except that of acquisition, and wealth unused is merely poverty.

The next time you pass his home, think it over—the laugh is on him—you're the rich man.

We don't want to help you because assistance doesn't aid. Props merely show inability to stand alone. We're kindest to you when we make you prove—when we force you to get past handicaps. Jumpers are developed by setting hurdles.

DON'T STOP AT THE START

Get away from the big mob of little men and come on up. Nobody has yet managed to fill out the space between here and the stars.

There's nothing but room overhead. Competition is intense only down below. The hardest struggle is the beginning. The outset of life is the biggest trial. The start takes more time than the race.

If you're sure that nothing will stop you —nothing can stop you. So long as the spirit of fight is in you, you're like a throbbing motor—as soon as you can get belted to opportunity you're sure to drive things.

Everything unusual had to be waited for. The man who built the Washington monument simply piled his stone higher than anyone else—he merely kept his head clear

Don't Stop at the Start

and his work straight. What is crooked falls. A straight line is always the shortest. If you doubt it, try to recall anybody who ever got anything or anywhere in any other way. Roundabout short cuts simply make you turn back and start anew.

Being honest is the greater part of achievement. When you know that you're doing the best within you, you can't be downed. Self respect is an eternal life preserver—no matter how often circumstance wrecks you, you're bound to float back to solid ground again.

Success can't be inherited—if you've been handed power or wealth and can't reproduce it of your own accord, you're worse off than the man who had to build both for himself. He can repeat his fortune because he has the tools of experience with which to re-create.

All really big men carved their way with their own muscles and their own brains and their own determination. Mansions and palaces don't incubate producers.

The masters of the world moulded their

own destinies—they grew great, step by step and year by year. They stayed great because each inch of their progress was a contest with somebody else, until they had defeated, by sheer ability, every opponent.

Timber can only be seasoned out in the open where the bad weather can get to work on it—it rots under a shed.

The need and hunger and want of things seasoned three poor, ignorant boys into Lincoln, Field and Edison. They became enduring through the opposition of men who already had what they wanted—they became forceful by trying and trying until the last trial was met.

We don't want to help you because assistance doesn't aid. Props merely show inability to stand alone.

We're kindest to you when we make you prove—when we force you to get past handicaps. Jumpers are developed by setting hurdles.

We can't know that you're true-blue until you have stood some of the rains of life and realize that your colors don't run.

Don't Stop at the Start

When we assist you least, we befriend you most—we're teaching you self-development. It's kinder to kick you than to coddle you, because it gives you a chance to kick back and every time your kicking is harder, you gain additional belief in your own power.

Don't stop because the start tires you—you'll soon get used to the strain. The cavalry recruit must stick in the saddle and ride until he doesn't mind the jolting. The oarsman must keep rowing until his blisters grow into callouses.

Keeping on is the whole trick. The pace is secondary—it will develop as you progress. Speed without lasting-power is wasted.

It wasn't the fastest beginner that won the Olympian Marathon. Legs didn't produce the victor—but grit. It was the man whose courage didn't wobble when his knees did—whose tenacity kept him going and held his chest back and his head high.

It was the spirit of "I Will" that drove him to the end—nothing else really counted.

What goes into the past comes out of the future. Carelessness won't ripen into success. Laziness won't fructify into ease. Trickery won't breed eminence.

THERE'S JUST ONE EASY ROAD

The man who lies down and the man who lies up and down eventually stay down —the one won't deliver what's expected of him—the other can't. They both want to buy success at illegal rates—they're taking too much discount. There's just one easy road—the hard, straight way. The little off-cuts—the smooth, twisting side paths, only seem safe, they're not meant to be walked on.

Ever since human folk began to reason, a certain percentage of misguided idiots have tried to get ahead by cutting over the quicksands. Occasionally some unusual man (who would have done twice as well if he'd "done" one-half as many) realizes fifty per cent on his ability-investment by "getting away" with more than the law

allows, but even when he does hold it, he lets go of something worth more—he overpays—he loses his self-respect.

The card sharper can't expect to retain both the cash and confidence of the community. The cheat can buy a few minor luxuries, but he must forego the real necessities of life. There are many things we never list as assets and only weigh when they've gone away—which we only appreciate when they're out of reach. Money won't purchase more than food and clothes and excitement—peace, security and happiness aren't marketed as yet, in the shops.

Life's just a matter of farming—of finding fertile soil in a good field—of breaking ground and being patient. The harvesting comes last—the main work must be done while the least results are showing.

Many a man has lost out just because he wasn't patient enough to wait until well planted endeavor had time to sprout. Thousands of careers have been ruined because a few bad habits weren't weeded out of a strong nature.

It's far better to endure a little deprivation during youth than much privation in old age. Springtime is the sowing season —you can't replant in winter. What goes into the past comes out of the future. Carelessness won't ripen into success. Laziness won't fructify into ease. Trickery won't breed eminence.

Millionaires are un-made, not created at the gaming table. Every Wall Street fortune is built out of a thousand Wall Street misfortunes. Most of the men who buy silver-plated harness today wore work-plated harness for a great many yesterdays.

Science has accomplished a lot of new things with water-power and air-power but hasn't improved on man-power. Nothing so far, in the history of humanity, has been discovered as an acceptable substitute for honest, steady labor.

Old Cyrus Simmons built a sizeable town before he stopped building wagons. He planned a great many stylish rigs in his day and some rules—the rules hadn't much style to 'em, but they were as solid as his

There's Just One Easy Road

wheels—they didn't wobble. Whenever a candidate for future partnership stopped at the cashier's window for his first week's pay-envelope, in addition to his wages he found a little red card of rules. Cyrus didn't copyright the rules, so you'll get a chance to profit by them, too.

Rule I.—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end and that's the wrong end.

Rule II.—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short and a day's short work makes my face long.

Rule III.—Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Rule IV.—You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

Rule V.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule VI.—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Rule VII.—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employe who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule VIII.—It's none of my business what you do at night, BUT if dissipation affects what you do next day and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Rule IX.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need lots of them for my dollars.

Rule X.—Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

Do not think that you can spend your way into better circles — houses with admittance prices are not homes, but business shops. Where money is a latchkey, insincerity is always host.

THE SNOB

The Snob always unmasks himself. His setting can't possibly alter his paste nature. He's an imitation. Education may cut him into the proper form and give him a false polish, but what he's made of isn't changed by the process. Real culture comes from within.

His own emphasis raises the question of his genuineness. His loudness doesn't convince; it only convicts. He doesn't set himself in a higher class—he only reminds people that he has just left a lower one.

Life is filled with elevations, upon which men have been set by forces quite beyond their own control. It may be that a post of eminence permits you to look down on others—but that doesn't signify that they belong below you or that you're fit to be looked up to—perhaps it's the thing on

The Snob

which you stand at which folks are gazing. You may be an insignificant ornament on a pedestal far disproportionate to your size.

If you have inherited something without inheriting the qualities which produced it, you deserve no especial notice. Folks who profit by accident usually show it in their attitude toward those whom they esteem their inferiors—they make the great mistake of thinking that a big head rather than a big heart is the sign of a big man. Greatness can't lose any part of itself by simplicity —that's the stuff it's made of.

A gentleman is nothing more than a gentle man. No amount of green in your pocket can put a drop of blue in your veins —money can't make you attractive—it can merely attract people who want your money and not you. There are so many mean ways of getting rich and so many objectionable individuals are wealthy, that a bank balance alone won't balance your lack of culture or refinement.

College may teach you form—contact may rub some things away; but breeding, like

a complexion, is more than a surface— unless it's real, it only makes one wonder what's really underneath. When it is assumed, it's bound to wear off from time to time.

Men and women who are born to position show it by not showing it off—they aren't conscious of being different except when coarseness forces them to realize that they are of another ilk. They only know that they are above the average through contact with some one below it. They are born with their status and incomes just as they come into the world with their limbs. They no more exult over their goods or lineage than you thank Providence for two arms instead of one—the sole time you realize that you are better off than you might be, is when you meet with a cripple.

Only pushers advertise their competency, and by the irony of Fate, having attained any sort of standing, they immediately lose it through a display of satisfaction which brands them as strangers in the fold.

When Lord Southcliff received word

from a former valet that he had been plunged into sudden grief and millions through the death of an Australian uncle, he undertook to offer him a few words of advice:

"Do not think that you can spend your way into better circles—houses with admittance prices are not homes, but business shops. Where money is a latchkey, insincerity is always host."

"Those who do not welcome you for what you are, simply tolerate you for what you have."

"Refuse any attentions which you are not privileged to return and any hospitality which you will not be permitted to reciprocate."

"Make no pretense and you will not be met with pretense."

"Exhibit the same reserve which characterized you as a good servant and the world will quickly forget that you ever were one."

It isn't the broken shaft that cripples the most machinery and shuts down the works; it's the little nut on the little bolt that works loose and throws all the rest of the mechanism into a jumble.

JOHNNY AND OTHER LOOSE SCREWS

Watch the little screws and the big wheels will take care of themselves. It isn't the broken shaft that cripples the most machinery and shuts down the works; it's the little nut on the little bolt that works loose and throws all the rest of the mechanism into a jumble; it's the little men in the little posts—the minor employes—the office boys and the petty clerks—who tangle up the great systems.

For instance, there's Johnny. Last week you dictated a four-page letter covering every detail of your deal with X; for days you were in consultation with your attorneys and your managers; you canceled your bridge game at the club Friday night to carefully review all the documents in the matter; you verified every statement and you remained downtown an hour longer

than usual in order to be sure that the stenographer corrected the mistakes in your dictation; then you handed the letter to Johnny to post. And Johnny lost it or took it home with him, intending to drop it in the box at his own corner, but forgot, and kept on forgetting until an angry letter, protesting against your slipshod methods, gave you the first intimation that there was a muss-up. Another screw loose.

Or there's Andrews, the billing clerk, who tries to upset the laws of nature and demonstrate that one brain can properly consider two subjects at the same time; if Andrews were that gifted he wouldn't be drawing fifteen per in your accounting department; the world of vast affairs would be coveting him. Andrews thinks that he can discuss the baseball prospects while he makes out his statements. And so Blank Brothers (whose account you have managed to land after three years of effort) wrote in on Tuesday criticising the methods of a concern which didn't know when its discounts had been taken, and informed you that, in

future, they would place their orders with a firm possessing more gumption than to send a dun to a customer whose account was up-to-date. Andrews is a fearfully expensive luxury at his salary.

If there is a pink slip in either of their envelopes next Saturday, chances are there'll be two more to swell the snarl that "a fellow hasn't a chance nowadays."

Poor Johnny and poor Andrews—you'll never understand; you'll never know that you've had your chance and that you didn't deserve it; you'll go stumbling and fumbling through life neglecting your opportunities as they arise, never realizing that success is measured by a man's daily record—that a ladder of well done little things leads to the big posts up top.

The start is all that counts; the thread of destiny is wound upon such a fat spool that no one man ever had the time within the span of one life to get to its end. But you break the thread at the outset. You lack steadiness; you don't learn your correlation with the rest of the works. You

can't grasp the scheme of growth—that success begins as a bud and that the ripened fruit of fortune will never be yours if you kill the blossom of chance by the early frost of neglect.

You are being weighed and measured every hour; you are under a constant test, a test by which you can prove yourself. Carelessness is the only thing which can be always regulated by your own actions, and carelessness is the one thing that will not be forgiven. Anything else can be explained; errors of judgment are but human (even Napoleon made them), but laziness, indifference, disobedience to orders—these deserve no mercy and receive none.

A ten-year-old boy saved all Holland from re-becoming a part of the sea; he found one little hole in the dyke which protected the Netherlands from the ocean; he stuck his finger in the hole and saved the centuries of work which had rendered safe his country.

There are holes in every business dyke,

little leaks through which failure can work its way and sweep down all that effort and honesty and purpose have achieved. It is you who make the holes; you, Johnny, and you, Andrews.

Paste this on your walls of memory.

Half of greatness is grit. When intelligence is backed up by the determination not to back down, the only thing under the sun that is impossible is something that can't be imagined.

IMPOSSIBILITIES ARE THE FAILURES OF LAZY MEN

Impossibilities are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters. The man who won't go through to the finish has finished at the start. If he hasn't pluck enough to hang on, he must hang back. We can't afford to regulate the pace of progress to accommodate the laggard.

The lazy man has always failed in every spot and in everything. He's a weed in the way of a producer. He absorbs more than he earns. He checks the growth of well-planted endeavor.

He's a sterile seed. The winds of fortune may drift him successively to a dozen rich soils, but no matter where he lands, he's useless.

Even when he does meet opportunity he

Impossibilities are the Failures of Lazy Men

doesn't know it. He can't tell the difference between good luck and a case of measles.

The steady, ready worker never complains. He's too busy trying to better his condition. When a man is doing his level best he always finds life on the level.

When you meet a howler who blames his environment, his generation, his fellows, his country, you find a man who has failed in himself. Not geography nor time nor environment can hold down a fighter.

The right type of man will start a grove of fig trees in a desert.

Failure isn't a disease of locality—it's a personal habit.

Anybody can get a steady living out of steady effort. The same clock that ticks off twenty-four hours for one man can't cheat his neighbor. The same laws of right and wrong, the same privilege to do and dare, are open to both.

All through the continent, old counties are changing their aspects. The stock-

breeder who wasted fourteen acres of prairie upon one steer must hand over that land to a newcomer who can make it support fourteen humans and the steer.

Prairie sections which once went begging for buyers at a dollar an acre are now bearing enough cotton and cane and truck and fruit to raise their value a hundredfold.

The same soil was there all the while. It was always worth a hundred times as much as its selling price, but not to the owner who wouldn't find it out.

The man who looks hard enough will find enough to repay him. Only the worker lasts. Carelessness and indifference and neglect are not timbers for the builder.

There are no free passes over the modern road. Fortune has an interstate commerce law of her own—she won't deadhead anyone.

Everybody who ever did anything, anywhere, had to find the grindstone and run himself against it until he developed an edge that would cut something.

Herbert Kaufman

Impossibilities are the Failures of Lazy Men

Half of greatness is grit. When intelligence is backed up by the determination not to back down, the only thing under the sun that is impossible is something that can't be imagined.

There are countless things which he will not do for the sake of money, because he knows how few real things money can do in return.

THE MAN WHO IS A GENTLEMAN

He remembers his own mother and is therefore considerate in thought and deed of all her sex. He neither degrades them by act nor by word. He will not utter a lie about a woman, but if need arise and he may thereby spare her hurt, he will gladly lie in her cause.

He indulges in no excesses. He is master of his appetites, and does not lose control of his passions, his judgment or his voice.

He estimates no man except through his own experience, and then he forbears to pass judgment until he is certain of his knowledge.

He does not spread scandal, nor does he permit it within his hearing.

What does not affect himself he remembers to forget.

The Man Who is a Gentleman

He does no wrong but what he immediately seeks to right it, and with his own hands.

He is as eager to apologize as he is loath to offend and is always anxious to acknowledge an error.

He does not mistake words for deeds; therefore his politeness is more than a polish.

His given word is his pledged bond, and the bad faith of another never justifies its default any more than the theft of his own property by a neighbor would lead him to retaliate in kind.

He obtrudes neither his religion nor his politics, recognizing the right of every man to his sincere beliefs. He is never an objective critic, and when he passes criticism he does so with a full appreciation of its favorable as well as its derogatory function.

He bestows charity with a smile, and then seeks to erase the sense of obligation in those whom he assists.

He advertises neither his good works nor his attainments.

He is gracious to all of lowly station or of advanced years, and never flaunts his better fortune before his inferiors.

He makes ostentation neither of his possessions nor his culture, realizing that his opportunities may have given him advantages which less favorable surroundings might not have produced.

He discusses his grievances with no one, not wishing to inflict his essentially personal worries upon his fellows.

He is cleanly of habit and of tongue, and prefers to find the world as himself.

He trades neither upon his name nor his birth, nor does he traffic in the power or influence of his friends.

He does not prostitute his honor to business profit, nor does he request his woman folk to sacrifice their personal inclinations in the cause of his advancement.

He asks no man to perform any service which he could not and would not perform without smirch to his own self-respect.

He regards wealth as a pleasant posses-

The Man Who is a Gentleman

sion, but one which does not justify the cancellation of a single attribute of honor.

There are countless things which he will not do for the sake of money, because he knows how few real things money can do in return.

Above all else, he is a gentle man.

Don't water the weeds of sorrow. They thrive on your tears. Dry up, and they will. Root them out of the garden of Memory and give Hope a chance to grow in their place.

DON'T WATER THE WEEDS OF SORROW

Don't water the weeds of sorrow. They thrive on your tears. Dry up, and they will. Root them out of the garden of Memory and give Hope a chance to grow in their place. Yesterday is utterly over with—Time is the only thing in this life which can be completely destroyed. The dead days always bury the past with them. They are back of you—you have journeyed over that stage of the road. Don't retrace your steps—go forward to happiness.

What can you possibly gain for yourself or for anyone else, by coaxing and fondling pain? No man returns his hand to the fire that burned it—he isn't fool enough to think that he can ease the hurt by thrusting

Don't Water the Weeds of Sorrow

it again into the flame. If memory hurts you, don't return your soul to the torture. Control yourself—find diversion—w o r k harder.

Don't encourage expressions of sympathy any more than you would ask folks to jab their fingers into a physical bruise.

Don't grow morbid—get out into the world. The new days are waiting for you —calling to you—they are breaking in the East of life, and in their span there are songs as mellow and golden and joys as great as those of any Yesterday.

But you will not see or hear them if you constantly blind yourself with the images of bitterness and deafen yourself with sobs.

Don't allow your gloom to befog the sunshine of others. Don't be selfish.

When you remember things which cannot be helped and forget the help which you owe to others, you don't lighten your own burdens one iota, but on the other hand you multiply them and uselessly force their load upon innocent shoulders.

They who bring cheer with them find cheer—they who come with peace obtain peace.

Woes and wounds are alike—they must be closed before they can be healed.

You must learn the Great Lesson. For thousands piled on thousands of years, men and women have undergone all that you have suffered—they have met with everything that you have faced—they have prized as dearly as you have prized—and lost as utterly as you have lost. They have been forced to find their courage just as you must find yours.

It's tucked away somewhere in a corner of your being waiting for you to take hold of it. All that it needs is a bit of exercise. It's a mere muscle of the soul—it grows stronger every time that you work it. It tightens up all your sagging nature—it takes the warp out of your resolution—it tautens your energy—it sets your brain working and as it becomes active your mind will cast off its malaria.

Don't Water the Weeds of Sorrow

You are still full of strength, but you must call upon it. Happiness is worth fighting for—the contest lies solely with yourself. Begin now to grapple with your will.

Go to the window and lift the shade—look out and up— the sun is there eager to come to you.

Spurts don't count. The final score makes no mention of a splendid start if the finish proves that you were an "also ran."

THE MAN WITH THE FIXED IDEA

Make your chart before you start—choose your destination before you buy your ticket. Don't wait until you reach the end of your journey and then decide where you're going. Many a man has dried up in a little way-side opportunity, merely because he lacked the courage to acknowledge to himself that his judgment had landed him in the wrong spot.

You can't tell what you're best fitted to do until you've fought for a few things fit for the fighting. Now and then, rifles accidentally hit bull's-eyes, but remember that every championship record is the result of lots of practice and a good, steady aim.

C. Columbus did finally stumble onto America after much aimless wandering, but don't forget that a great many of his pre-

The Man With the Fixed Idea

decessors went down in the Atlantic gales because they set sail without a definite port before them.

The builder who hasn't decided how high he will run his walls before he digs his foundations, takes too much of a chance—he's apt to make his foundations entirely too weak to support the "afterwork."

Know what you are after before you start out for it. The "pig in the poke" system is dangerous—the pig is apt to bite your hand just as often as your hand is likely to grab the pig.

Don't rely on accident to start you—accident doesn't run on schedule and hasn't a habit of happening in the same spot twice. The Fixed Idea is the motive power that has driven most men to attainment—more plodders than geniuses have reached eminence. The sail-boat without a keel usually capsizes—the man without a keel is unsafe. Persistence and doggedness oftenest bring results. Hard work is common coin in the realm of Success.

The musician who aspires to become a

maestro must look down to years of practice before he can look up to the hour of acclaim, and once he has received recognition he must keep practicing just as hard to hold it. The gift of music and the love of harmony are only half—it's "the fixed idea" which keeps his fingers on the keys, hour after hour, day after day, that brings him to his goal.

The lawyer and the illustrator and the scientist must all pay the same price. The master of railroads must strive just as earnestly and centralize his efforts just as intensely today, as when he was grasping for control.

You must make sure of what you want to do—you must feel sure that you have the courage as well as the temperament to do it and then—Do It!!

One fair idea unhesitatingly followed out is better than a dozen excellent plans none of which receive concentrated attention. Spurts don't count. The final score makes no mention of a splendid start if the finish proves that you were an "also ran."

The Man With the Fixed Idea

Only the steady last. Call to mind a dozen men who have made their mark—choose them from trade or profession—and you'll find that at least ten out of the twelve were men who hung fast to a "fixed idea"—who held on despite setback and reverse—who endured self-denial and difficulties and won out because they didn't "peter out."

They believed in themselves—they thought that they could do a certain thing and counted what they believed far more than the concentrated opinion of everybody else.

The World didn't take them seriously in the beginning, but they took themselves seriously and in the end the World changed its mind.

It always does change its mind when a man makes good. But the World's so old, and has had so much experience with the human race, that it puts every man down to a basis of zero and only acknowledges that he's above it when his gauge moves up to the mark that his own confidence has set and his own ability attained.

The friction of men in action is the energy that sends the world spinning. Disagreements are like flint and steel, they strike the new sparks. Contrary opinions flail the chaff out of ideas.

THE MAN YOU MUSTN'T TRUST

He extends the "glad" hand and tries to pass it off as the helping hand. He's too pleasing to prove a pleasant acquaintance. Like a chameleon, he changes his personality in harmony with his surroundings. He has no ideals, no ambitions and no principles, but what he's willing to alter for the sake of self-interest. He wears his convictions as other men wear their collars and changes them just about as often.

He tries to be everybody's friend and winds up by being nobody's. Necessarily he's an out and out hypocrite. What he really thinks or wants he never tells—he plans every speech and only says such things as he feels you wish to hear.

He is absolutely untrustworthy. He is unwilling to make enemies and thereby proves himself a weakling—strong men are

The Man You Mustn't Trust

known by their quarrels—by their intolerance of unprincipled actions and unworthy ideals.

He must be partly a sneak, a great deal of a liar and somewhat dishonest, because men differ so widely in their standards, that to make himself agreeable at all times, to all persons, he must sympathize with many things and actions which a man of individuality is forced to resent.

His friendship is not practical—is not rigged for stormy seas—it's a sort of stage affair intended only for show.

He's a human kaleidoscope whom everyone sees differently, and since no two men ever get exactly the same view of him, the great opportunities of life never come his way. Nobody can tell which of them is really he. When men strive for posts of trust, they must be somewhat post-like themselves and stand steady.

So you see, after all, he deceives no one so sadly as himself. He takes so many chances with human nature that he fails to get his own chance. He agrees with both

parties in disagreements—encourages opposite sentiments in discussions—he's a chronic Colossus of Rhodes, attempting to be on both sides at the same time, and, inasmuch as deceit is sure to be discovered, he loses both footholds and falls between.

He is always a flatterer. His speech is a verbal anesthetic with which he seeks to put men's common sense to sleep while he operates upon their sane judgment.

His advice is worthless, because he thinks with his tongue and not with his heart. He has no aim except his own, but he fails eventually, because he cannot be forceful. The power to inspire belief can only spring from sincerity. No hypocrite ever became and remained a leader.

Oh, it doesn't pay to be "everybody's friend"—it's too impossible. Try something easier, such as upsetting the laws of nature, by squaring a circle or by growing wheat on the ocean or making two and two total eleven.

Only a certain number of humans were ever meant to coincide in temperament.

The Man You Mustn't Trust

The friction of men in action is the energy that sends the world spinning. Disagreements are like flint and steel, they strike the new sparks. Contrary opinions flail the chaff out of ideas.

Old Jed Judson used to say, "I like a man who fights me. He teaches me and helps me. If he's strong enough to bang the everlasting tar out of my hide, I get a chance to find out where I was weaker than I thought. If I can put him down, I'm doubly sure of myself. These here fellows all the time handing you boxes of word candy don't go with me. I don't take no stock in over-sociable folk. They remind me of hunters calling as pleasantly as possible to a female turkey, for purposes different from what the blamed fool fowl thinks."

Your diploma is just a phonograph trade-mark —it simply tells us what has been pressed into your mind but it does not say what you will do when you attempt to make an independent record.

TO THE COLLEGE GRADUATE

You have heard the salutatories and the valedictories—the gorgeous gushes of Dr. This and the Hon. That have jiggled along your vertebrae. Upon the wings of their fancy you have soared into the empyrean, proud in the consciousness that you are of the world's elect—a rose instead of a thorn, a mental satrap among the unlettered helots.

Panoplied in academic burganet, cuirass, and jamb, you stand in your armor of erudition, valiantly grasping the lance of knowledge, while you strain to hear the fanfare calling you to the lists whither Minerva has summoned you as her true defender and pledged knight, and—

Why, bless me, there's the alarm clock! It's half-past get-down-to-hardpan. Where is the want page? H'm!—quite a lack of

To the College Graduate

five thousand-dollar posts suffering from loneliness, and those jobs which are yearning for occupancy all seem to lay stress on such an unimportant thing as Experience. Ridiculous, ain't it, in this, the twentieth century? What shortsighted manufacturers, what ignorant merchants, what foolish corporations! Not even specifying that the first requisite of the applicant shall be a college degree!

Why, if they only knew your grasp of Chauvenet, the facility with which you parse the intricacies of Thucydides, the grace that characterizes your scansion of the Epodes of Horace, and your comprehension of Locke and Spinoza, the postman on your block would have to carry an extra sack of mail from the hundreds of organizations wearing long-distance glasses, searching for oases such as yourself!

But since all these gentlemen of trade and industry are not brothers to Asmodeus, and their vision cannot pierce the walls of your bedroom where hangs the sonorously worded diploma that glorifies your name,

it is quite probable that you will be forced to go ahead like perfectly ordinary young men, and "get there" by "going some." And by the way, it may be just as well if you don't lay too much stress on Spinoza —the world of affairs has not as yet learned to appreciate the advantages of men who just KNOW things. It understands only men who KNOW and DO.

The most that you can hope for is consideration as a piece of superior metal—a pig of iron that has passed through the process of refining. Your degree is just the foundry mark. As you stand, your brain is practically useless; it has been pressed into a standard mold of thought, and is exactly like that of ten thousand other young men who read the same textbooks and listened to the same lectures and were dominated by the same theories.

You possess absolutely no value either to commerce or to art, except that of unwrought material. Your future depends upon your plasticity and tensility—your ability to conform with conditions as you

To the College Graduate

meet with them, to cope with emergencies as they meet with you, and the stamina with which you will stand the strain of action.

You cannot become a ruler through just knowing rules; you must fit principles to something practical before Success even begins to flick an eye in your direction.

If you have simply absorbed and cannot radiate, you won't get half so far as Smith on the next block, who jumped school at twelve with three ideas in his head and the power to get them over.

Of course, we know that you have committed to mind all the memorable dates of history; but the question is whether you will be able to make a date memorable for history.

You may be familiar with the orations of Cicero; but have you drawn into your soul and your blood the principles that lay back of them?

You are not unusual; in fact, a merchant would mark you "standard size" and label you "regular."

To the College Graduate

You have been nurtured upon the predigested thought, upon ideas and ideals that have been funneled into your brain—theories that other men dug from fact.

You have merely been a listener, a human sponge, absorbing the experiences of others.

The world cannot find you very useful in your present form; you must be milled.

You are wheat in the husk—your brain is over-coated with a chaff which must first be eliminated and differentiated by good, hard whacks of common sense. Life and living must flail you until your available wisdom is sequestrated from that which is valueless to us.

You must pass through a process of subtraction before you will be considered an addition to any organization.

You have been busily engaged in learning things; now you must start in to unlearn some of them. You must create; up to now you have only secreted.

Your diploma is just a phonograph trademark—it simply tells us what has been

To the College Graduate

pressed into your mind; but it does not say what you will do when you attempt to make an independent record.

You have no individuality—it has had no arena in which it could find expression.

A singer cannot enter grand opera on the strength of his training, but merely on the strength of his voice. No one cares a tinker's dam what method he followed, if results have not followed the method.

It is assumed that you will be impetuous and crusade against precedent; that you will jump at conclusions and attempt to upset procedures that practice has found sound.

The business world anticipates the necessity of toning you down. You will pass through months of false humiliation and hurt; your pride will quiver and pain, and your self-esteem will be black and blue with bruises; but after the foundry marks have been filed off of you, and you have learned some of the lessons of life—after you understand how to measure men, not for what they know, but for what they

do; not for what they assume, but for what they accomplish—after you have realized that your college training is merely a course of mental calisthenics to develop clear thinking, logical reasoning, and nothing else—after you have been set down at the bottom and have forced your way up—then you will begin to be of some value to yourself and the world.

Lack of appreciation is the incubator which has hatched thousands of employes into employers. Injustice has driven into independence half the successful men in America.

WATCH OUT FOR THE MAN BEHIND

Today is yours, but tomorrow belongs to The Man Behind. He's back there pushing and struggling and fighting on—he's gritting his teeth and keeping in action, so he's in better shape than you—the exercise of effort is keeping him alert—thinning down his limbs—pasting his muscles tighter to the bone—twisting gristle into the meat—Look out for him!

You haven't worked at full vigor of late. There's an overcoat of fat growing around your intellect—if he ever gets up to you and it comes down to a stern, hard contest—you won't last. Activity doesn't tire—it hardens—gives resisting power—develops the wind—teaches one to stay when the tussle becomes intense. There's many a man in your office carrying the undeveloped seed of achievement in his make-up. He's fertilizing it with his ambition and some day results are going to

Watch out for the Man Behind

grow out of it—See to it that you get the harvest.

The time may come when you'll need loyalty as badly as the Texas bad-man needed his "Colt." He left it at home on the piano, but the sheriff couldn't afford to overlook the chance of getting him at a disadvantage.

Your competitors are always watching and waiting—they're seeking an opportunity to "get in." You may have to rely for survival upon the fidelity of the man behind. You won't get it if you haven't earned it. There are two sides to every question and like the flap-jack, the bottom gets on top in the turn-over. Your staff only owes you that which you have bought. If you've taken advantage of circumstances in his hour of weakness, depend upon it, when somebody else offers him more money, no man in your employ will stick—he isn't in your debt by one throb of consideration. Lack of appreciation is the incubator which has hatched thousands of employes into employers. Injustice has

driven into independence half the successful men in America.

Forests die out unless there is a constant growth of saplings—they can only be perpetuated by the seeds which drop from the trees that have already grown up. Don't forget that your young men are seed—that they are your insurance against the future—that you must look to them for the timber of to-morrow. Take care of them. You may not need them now, but as the years pass and your own powers fail, and you can no longer stand the gaff as today, the skill and knowledge and confidence which you breed into those surrounding you now, will protect your past efforts and warrant the continuance of prosperity for your family.

Hold on to your sound boys—they're worth more to you than anyone else, because they are more valuable to every other employer than you. When they go away they are like bees, covered with fructifying pollen—they fly off with the ability they gained from you, and use it

Watch out for the Man Behind

against you. When they enter another office, they handicap you by their withdrawal and strengthen your rivals with their knowledge of your secrets. When you replace them, you must pay as much for their successors, break them in and afterwards give battle to the very strength that you allowed to desert your flag.

Carnegie is giving away libraries because he was shrewd enough to make every potential antagonist a partner. He drove his bargains when their strength was not at its fullest pitch, and he put them under the yoke of mutual interest while their brains were freshest and could tone up his staling view-point—he made his own percentage smaller, but he magnified his total profits so tremendously that a part of twenty men's earnings far exceeded what his lone efforts would have brought, had he tried to hog it all.

A small interest at an early enough moment creates a lifetime ally—it buys you a man's play-time and night-time thoughts, all his plans and ambitions. It

creates a burden-sharer who will lift cares, the shifting of which is worth far more than the cost. It gives you a sense of future security, unknown to the lone operator, who lives in the constant dread that he will be hardest pressed when he is least efficient.

Real men play the game of life with unmarked cards—the tattler, like every other cur, discloses his breed by the manner in which he carries his tale.

THE TATTLER

The main difference between a tattler and a rattler is that the snake gives the other fellow a show and the sneak won't. In other respects they're pretty much alike, barring the small matter of an "e."

The man who won't stand in the open and make his accusations where they can be defended, proves that he not only lacks courage, but also the courage of his convictions. He's a coward—his work is always signed—his mark is "the stab in the back."

Sincerity never bred a tale-bearer. Real men play the game of life with unmarked cards—the tattler, like every other cur, discloses his breed by the manner in which he carries his tale.

He sometimes deceives himself with the thought that he is doing good, but it is

The Tattler

not in his nature to be disinterested; the personal element constantly enters into his motives—his tongue is poisoned with the venom of envy—he's jaundiced—his spleen is full of jealousy—he can't digest the thought of anybody else's success or superiority.

Unable to climb as high as he aspires, he attempts to pull down the ladders of ability upon which better men are mounting. But the assassin of reputations must in the end bear the punishment which the world has always inflicted upon slimy, crawling things—its utter disgust. Justice, although blindfolded, slips the bandage from her eyes, when her sensitive hand feels a cheating finger trying to weigh down the scales—the average run of humanity will not convict upon one-sided evidence.

Ever since little Bobbie was caught emptying the jam pot and smearing the pup's nose in the jar, folks have realized how deceptive appearances can be made.

The mud-thrower stains himself with

the mire which is his weapon; he smirches his own hands whenever he delves into slander.

Spies have never been popular. They who fight in the dark do not shine in the light. The scavenger belongs to the lowest caste of society; gossip-mongers, like other collectors of the unpleasant, are de trop in decent circles.

Even a thief is one step higher than an informer, and refuses to lower himself to the infamy of betrayal.

The more we learn of life, the more we consider that a tale-bearer is not to be trusted—the instinct which leads him to divulge one confidence, will, if the chance permit, impel him to make use of any other information which comes within his knowledge.

He stamps himself as dangerous. As his reputation spreads, his opportunities contract; positions of importance cannot be given into his care; and, so, tho' he may be gifted sufficiently to perform duties of consequence, the certainty that he will

The Tattler

divulge crucial secrets shuts him out from openings which he might otherwise secure.

Men must have the friendship and co-operation of their fellows to achieve beyond the ordinary, and the tattler soon becomes a pariah—every man's hand is reaching out to keep him down.

Our repugnance is so great against any type of traitor that it begins to manifest itself in childhood—even the kindergarten prattlers ostracize the school-room tell-tale.

Demosthenes was one stutterer who became a great orator, but most stutterers have their mouths full when they try to follow conversation, much less lead it.

ALL MEN ARE NOT BORN EQUAL

Nature doesn't cast from molds, she's an artist—she never repeats herself; she doesn't produce two things exactly alike; her trees never bear the same number of leaves; her plants never grow two pieces of fruit that exactly match. Being a very prolific and resourceful person, she puts a dab of individuality in everything she creates—especially Man.

Opportunities are equal, but the ability to grasp them, the mentality to appreciate them, the strength to develop them, vary with the individual.

Ambition is a good thing, but attainment is not its synonym. The world is filled with 22-caliber cartridges trying to explode in 30-30 rifles.

Plans for achievement must be matched with power to carry them through. De-

All Men are not Born Equal

mosthenes was one stutterer who became a great orator, but most stutterers have their mouths full when they try to follow conversation, much less lead it.

One-armed men occasionally develop into oarsmen, but most of them can't even keep the boat in a straight line for the shore. It is a good rule not to attempt success in a field for which accident or nature has unfitted you.

There will always be superior intellects, because superior progenitors sired them. Generations of careful breeding ought to eventuate in an improved strain. Futurity winners aren't found between the shafts of brick-carts.

Any man is capable of getting out of himself what is in him, but he can't progress further than his gifts will carry him.

Accident will now and then combine circumstances so as to place an individual higher than he deserves, but, in the long run, Merit and Merit alone will determine the outcome; the law of survival is the one immutable law; the strong must

rise to their appointed and destined places; the weak must serve those who prove their fitness to command.

The greatest tragedies of an absolute democracy spring from the discontent spread by the sophistries of its demagogues; the unhappiest phase of a civilization founded upon equality is the misconstruction of "equality." It does not mean that any social order can overturn the order of nature; democracy only casts down the walls of unearned privilege; it kicks away the props of inherited prestige; it allows each man to stand for what he is and to have what he can reach—to hold what his strength can master—and to lose what his own gifts cannot maintain. But no democracy will ever be conceived by man which will overthrow the basic laws of the universe—first among which is that of competition, which has prevailed since the cave-man began to test his prowess and to measure it against that of his neighbor.

There are big duties and little tasks,

All Men are not Born Equal

offices of direction and of obedience, and there must be big men and small men to perform them.

An army must have its chief, its consulting aids, and its ranks; there must be cog-wheels as well as fly-wheels on every machine— each watch must have its mainspring—each government its supreme head; all that the doctrine of equal rights can hope to accomplish is that the man who is most deserving shall be placed where he should be. Universities cannot upset this principle; they can only multiply and spread in their scope until they develop more of those who are most fitted to stand upon the heights; they can broaden the opportunity, but they cannot put into any mind the elements of initiative or of judgment.

Until the last page of the last volume is written in the Book of Years, Merit alone will rule the earth.

She doesn't resent your boorishness—she's growing used to it—lots of ideals get nicked when women go to work.

"MAGGIE"

That's right—dive on through the crowd and get in front or you won't find a seat. It's six o'clock and the shops are out. If you wait for the women to get aboard, you'll have to stand up all the way home. There's a vacant place! Shoulder past that girl—you're stronger. You did it! Now lean back and have a comfortable half hour with the news.

Why does she moon at you with such tired eyes? It's unfair to make you uncomfortable—mask your face with the paper—she can stand as well as you—better. She's had more practice—that's all she has done all day long. So a little while longer won't make much difference to her. If women will insist on going home just at the time men leave their offices, they mustn't be querulous if they find the cars crowded.

The old ideas about courtesy and chiv-

"Maggie" alry are getting to be moss-grown poppycock. They were well enough in the romantic age, but this is the business epoch. We haven't time to pause for such foolish notions nowadays. Besides, now that women are competing with men, they must forego some of the privileges of the sex and not hope to be coddled—there's no sex in business. Dollars and cents and sentimentality can't be blended. And so you very properly dismiss the matter, having argued it out in all fairness and (especially) to your personal satisfaction.

Meanwhile Maggie hangs onto the strap and wearily shifts her weight from one tired foot to the other. She doesn't resent your boorishness—she's growing used to it—lots of ideals get nicked when women go to work. She left home yesterday morning three hours earlier than your wife arose. It was dark in the room when her ninety-nine cent alarm clock tattooed her out of bed. She had to light the gas to find her clothes—the water in the pitcher wore a skin of ice on top—(they

don't build stationary wash basins with hot and cold water faucets in three-dollar-a-week "boudoirs").

All day long (and all days are long in the shops) she was standing, stretching, bending, smiling—please don't forget the smile—perhaps you noticed it the last time you came to her counter. You smiled, too. Hers, however, was a different sort — it's one of the requirements—Rule 27—"Be cheerful." Yours was more of a social grin—a knowing, engaging, subtle, inviting affair. Oh, "they can't tell you anything about these shop-girls,"—but it may be worth while to learn something about them. And when you do, chances are that you won't smile in quite the same way.

They're women who must make good—good women, or they wouldn't be drudging out their lives for a crust and a sup and a strip of bed. Just as frail as your women, with the same sort of souls and hearts and with the same yearning hunger for care and tenderness. Young women growing old at the rate of 24-months-a-

"Maggie" year—women without chances or with lost chances. Some marry—some were married—most of them hope to be. Usually they're strong. But sometimes the half-starvation and the half-warmth and the longing for better shelter and all the food they'd like to eat and— But most of them keep on. Keep on playing by the rules—harder rules than yours in a tougher game and for smaller stakes.

Women just as wholesome as your own—often with as good blood in their veins. Women who haven't lost anything except protection. They're paying the fiddler because their fathers didn't pay their insurance premiums.

The gray mists veil the brightest of their days—the menace of tomorrow is always between—a tomorrow whose hope fades with their fading and whose approach may only be provided against by the hoarded piece of silver wrenched out of a ten-dollar bill from which must also come board and lodging and carfare and clothes and doctor's bills and vacations and—

Why aren't you smiling?

There comes an hour when grit surmounts all else. Then it isn't the number of pounds avoirdupois, or the size of a bicep, that counts, but the depth of the threads in a man's screws of courage.

THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW STREAK

He's as dangerous as a streak of lightning—and as treacherous. He flashes his true self without warning and always hits something or somebody who doesn't expect the blow.

He's the Man with the Yellow Streak—the man who can't win. He's wrong—wrong from eye-lash to toe-tip. There's a flaw in his grain—he isn't made of the stuff to stand the strain. He's bound to give way under pressure. His meat is weak—his blood is thin—his soul is lacking. He's afflicted with an incurable moral epilepsy. He falls down in a panic every time he's called on to stand up and show his manhood.

He can't reach a very high place and stay there. He's cursed with the dread of those who are afraid of great heights.

The Man with the Yellow Streak

It clutches him when he is mid-way up the ladder and instead of going on and upward, he hugs to the rungs and hangs there shivering with dread. He magnifies his risks—he multiplies his dangers—he loses all his balance—his caution disappears, and instead, a foolhardy irresponsibility takes its place.

He's a drowning man, sinking in a sea of self exaggerations. He will lay hold of anybody to save his own skin—he will sacrifice friends, family, employer—even his hope of the future—in his wild frenzy to look out for his own immediate interests.

He's a coward—a mean, selfish craven. He's a girder with a flaw—a beam with a knot. Don't use him where there is likely to be a strain—he's a man with a danger spot. No matter how brilliant or trained or resourceful he may be when everything is right, all his superior qualifications are nil and must not be called on in an emergency. He's diseased—he has a taint—he can never be counted on to utilize his gifts when they ought to count most.

He can't help himself because he isn't man enough to own up and ask for assistance. He won't tell you what's wrong with him. He wears the velvet of false pride over his thread-bare patch and you only see when it's too late, when his cloak drops and shows his tattered courage.

Search him out among your men and your associates. Don't wait until he runs amuck. He won't give you warning—he loses his reason—he doesn't realize what is happening. In his zeal to protect himself from the whip-lash of consequences, he'll lie—he'll cheat—he'll throw blame on the innocent. It's a kindness to both of you not to give him a chance to hurt himself and you.

You can't reform him. He's a quicksand—he'll merely keep involving you.

The only thing under the sun that can possibly bring him to himself is to leave him to himself. A great enough shock may awaken the man in him—no other medicine will count.

Dress-parade isn't the test of a soldier.

The Man with the Yellow Streak

The best tactician isn't the best field-officer. Don't mistake his ability under normal circumstances for capability in emergencies. Resourcefulness under the pressure of circumstances has sent many a recruit climbing over the heads of trained but unseasoned superiors.

There comes an hour when grit surmounts all else. Then it isn't the number of pounds avoirdupois, or the size of a bicep, or the number of convolutions in a brain that counts, but the depth of the threads in a man's screws of courage. Then Opportunity enters full-winged upon the scene and the right man is bound to come to the front. He'll always take his proper post—and the man with the Yellow Streak is sure to drop to his true level whenever things get red hot and the fur begins to fly.

Your name in Burke's Peerage may give us an idea of the sort of ancestors you had, but Dun's Peerage is more likely to show what kind of an ancestor you're apt to prove.

YOUR START DOESN'T COUNT

Time was when a coat of arms meant a lot—now it's the arms in the coat that count. Your name in Burke's Peerage may give us an idea of the sort of ancestors you had, but Dun's Peerage is more likely to show what kind of an ancestor you're apt to prove. This is the land where dreams come true—where rainbows end in pots of gold—where castles in the air come sailing down to earth and harden into granite. Everything is possible among a people who cradle Presidents in mud-chinked cabins. If you fail, you lack grit or courage or judgment. Rotten fruit never ripens—the wind doesn't shake the sound apples from the tree—a little adversity makes the real man clutch tighter to his ambition. That which is easily had is worth least—it lies within anyone's grasp. The hard-

Your Start Doesn't Count

ships of the road-maker are rewarded by primeval forests and unstaked mines. Great rewards lie at the ends of journeys—not at their start. Persistence is everything—a patient brook carved the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Niagara started in business as a dinky little river, but she kept on, and swept on, until she came to a place where she saw her chance to do something big—and she did it.

"I wanted something—I knew what I wanted—I wanted it hard enough—and I got it."

THIS IS YOUR HOUR

A man who did great things in a mighty way, once tore success from the claws of seemingly insuperable obstacles. "I had to win," he said, "because nobody wanted to keep me from it half as badly as I wanted it."

Across thousands of miles of seas, another conqueror of circumstance, who successfully dared the wrath of his Sultan allied with the three most puissant monarchs of Europe, stood upon the sea-cliffs and watched Gibraltar poke her nose out of the Mediterranean mists.

An Englishman at his side pointed across the angry swirl. "Yonder lies the seat of a power," said he, "which could crush ten thousand tribes such as yours. How did you have the courage to defy it?"

This is Your Hour

"Bismallah," answered Raisuli with a smile, spreading his palms to the heavens, "I wanted something—I knew what I wanted—I wanted it hard enough—and I got it."

It's hard for a man to grow zealous over culture or religion when his stomach is empty and his mind is filled with visions of corned-beef-and-cabbage.

THERE'S A HOME MARKET FOR CHARITY

Don't start off, half-cocked with your sympathies. Make sure that they'll help before you heap them. The average humanitarian is so enthusiastic over the woes of all the world as a whole that he quite overlooks those of the individual. He is so ambitious that he hasn't time to be specific. He's like the picknicker with one pat of butter and a loaf of bread—he tries to make it go so far that it isn't at all noticeable.

Providence has had her hands full ever since she took charge of this universe—and even Providence, with all of her facilities, has not been able to catch up with her back orders. There are too many sentimentalists dropping theoretical tears over the woes of everybody from Good Hope to Cape Horn—moved by the theatrical aspects of existence to futile theatrical

There's a Home Market for Charity

emotions. They go through the years dispensing conversation coin, but seldom coin of the realm. They exude benevolence from every pore but the purse-pore. Their ears are always sympathetically opened—their pocket-books stay closed.

There is more than enough charitable impulse running around loose—that's the trouble with it—it needs to be harnessed and made to drag some of the woes of the world from the shoulders of its Atlases.

Because you are occasionally maudlin, don't mistake that for pity—the only time that you're doing good is when you have done something that actually helped.

When next you sit in a theater and sniffle to the accompaniment of "Eliza-Crossing-the-Ice" music, tumble back to earth and consider that no playwright with his finite brain can conceive of poverty and sufferings half so intense as those which Life is constantly staging in the alleys and tenements of every city in the land.

Pay a little less attention to feeding the starving intellect and feed a few more

starving bodies. It's hard for a man to grow zealous over culture or religion when his stomach is empty and his mind is filled with visions of corned-beef-and-cabbage. Don't bother so much about the lines of Tennyson and Browning until you've paid a little attention to the bread line.

Let the cannibals in the South Sea Islands and the Chinese along the Hoang-Ho look out for themselves until you have eased some of the misery in your own block.

It isn't necessary to export any of your charitable energy—there's always a home-market for it.

When the island of Formosa was swept by a tidal wave, the shock so disturbed Mrs. Hanks that her husband was moved to inquire if any distant branches of her family had settled there. "It's just upset me so," she remarked, "that I can't eat a thing. I never heard of anything so terrible."

"Can't say that I have lost any appetite over it," answered Hiram. "Of course,

There's a Home Market for Charity

I ain't mean enough to feel chipper because it happened, but to tell you the truth, Millie, it ain't worrying me any more than reading about Pompeii and other such islands. I guess I would feel blue if I had ever paid a visit in the neighborhood and was acquainted with the folks out there, but not having seen the place and not knowing anybody who got hurt, if I looked very much disturbed I'd be a plain 'danged' hypocrite!

"But your speaking of tidal waves reminds me that the Widow Wilkins is down with pneumony, which means that there won't be anybody to take care of them two little girls of hers until she gets well, so I was figuring out what we could spare from the potato bin and the meat-house. Seems to me that if we look out for them that is right around us, it's about as much as the Good Lord can expect. If all the rest of the world would do the same there wouldn't be any need for folks in Podunk to lose sleep when things go wrong in Formosa."

You can't arrive unless you survive. Half journeys are wasted. Only the stride which lands you at the finish counts.

EASY ROADS DO NOT LEAD TO EASE

If you try to make life too easy, you'll soon find it too hard. Ambition is a dream without an awakening, unless it makes your will as eager as your wish. Effort is exercise; endeavor produces endurance.

It's no trouble to cut through butter—but it won't develop strength. The hewer of stone wears the strong arm and bears the long labor.

Persistence is the key to existence. Success invariably rewards the good fight. Knowing what to do or how to do it won't bring results. Action must drive ability. The nail is useless without the hammer. Courage is the complement of knowledge.

Easy roads do not lead to ease. Worn paths run to spots and things which others have already found.

Opportunity is trampled underfoot in the crowded thoroughfares. The greater chances always lie ahead.

Easy Roads do not Lead to Ease

But the price matches the prize. If you want more than the average you must pay more to secure it. You can't buy with counterfeit attempts. The true coin of accomplishment bears the mint marks of grit and honest labor.

You can't have our best unless we have your best in return. You can't arrive unless you survive. Half journeys are wasted. Only the stride which lands you at the finish counts.

You can't take pleasure and indulgence with you in the climb. You must forego temptation and cut out the shortest cuts. The wrong road is never a long road—therein lies its danger.

If you meet with brambles and boulders, reflect that they are fewer toward the end. The more rugged you find the way, the less likelihood that you've been preceded.

You need no capital but a fixed idea and the resolve to carry it out. Want a thing harder than the world wants to keep you from it, and you'll wear through every opposition and get it.

Mere knowledge isn't competition. The

man who secretes must give way before the man who creates. A bulging forehead can't conquer a squared jaw.

When old Henry Harper died, he willed his millions to charity and his will to his sons. This is the letter which they found in his strongbox:

"I gained my money from men weaker than myself, and I return it to them. If you are strong enough and bright enough to retain my estate, you have the necessary tools with which to build one of your own.

"If you cannot succeed without my wealth, you couldn't have succeeded in holding to it.

"Others will think that I have pauperized you, but I understand how great a legacy I have willed you: the incentive to prove yourself—the supreme right to test your powers without the handicap of assured maintenance.

"Go out into the world to earn and thereby learn. Rub against men and get an edge. Enjoy the most supreme of all recreations—the thrill of creation. Only the builder truly rises above his fellow."

His pseudo-surface is like the iridescence on a stagnant pool—it forces us to ponder upon the depth of unwholesomeness beneath his pose.

THE CAD

He's a hermit crab, lurking about on the shores of the social sea—crawling around in the shell of a gentleman—a thing of mere garb and gab. That misguided judgment which likens him to a pup is arrant flattery, but takes mean advantage of a real dog.

He's a cad, a bounder, a near-man. His pseudo-surface is like the iridescence on a stagnant pool—it forces us to ponder upon the depths of unwholesomeness beneath his pose.

Brother to the jackal, he sullies clean things—preys upon weakness—maims that which is beautiful and pure.

He takes no chances; he merely takes away chances. He piles up costs which helplessness must settle, but he makes sure that there shall be no penalty for himself.

The Cad

He recognizes no responsibility to society; he is a wanton, a vandal, who wrecks without recking. His quarry is always defenseless. He lies to innocence; he trails after the unguarded, and makes of want and privation and hunger, pack-brothers in the hunt.

He is the type of biped which fervently clasps the hand of a trusting friend and the hand of a friend's wife with a still more fervid grasp.

He is a cast lower than the man who "kisses and tells"—repulsed, he tells when he has not kissed. He breaks the bread of a household and then its hearts.

He gambles with sacred things, and like all welchers he pays no obligations except those which the law itself has power to collect.

He is not brave enough to be an actual thief—he lacks the courage to steal little things such as property. He is a hundred orders below a Turpin or a Shepherd or a Dalton. A bank-robber would despise him. The pickpocket is his superior. He is an

"Artful Dodger," roaming about amidst confiding reputations. He robs women of their good names instead of their goods. The chattels of society do not attract him, because there is a definite risk in their pilfering—he defaults instead with the really precious treasures—faiths and dreams and ideals.

Technically, he is not a felon, because the finer ethics have no jurisprudence. Honor has disdained to call upon a Blackstone—the God-spark which lifts the human out of the chaos of beastdom is supposed to put that into every normal man which calls for no tableted penalties for outraging the sacred fanes. Society fears to acknowledge the necessity for the unwritten law, but organized justice has as yet unsheathed no weapon to reach him who shatters the unrecorded code.

The knout of conscience is long and its leash is leaded, but conscience cannot reach beyond its range—it can only strike where there is a target—it can only hurt where there is a soul, and this Judas of the heart,

The Cad

this traitor to the finer instincts, this apostate to decency, is a mere wearer of flesh, alive only in his appetites and his indulgences.

We have learned to build prisons for theft—scaffolds for treason—pesthouses for plague, but civilization may not wear the Crown until another problem of segregation is solved—until the day comes when there is no longer a chair at the table—a seat in the club—and a shrug of indulgence for the unnamable cad.

It takes more than a snicker or a jibe to kill the impulse of creation, which is given to strong men only because Providence doesn't waste her real bounties.

He remembers yesterday's sunshine while you frown at today's storms. He knows that the calm will surely follow the turmoil. The stubbing stone in the darkness is a happily discovered spot which he may thereafter avoid. While others blame Nature for putting thorns on roses, he is glad that she thought to put roses on the thorns. He is grateful for the palm tree and the well in the desert—realizing how utterly desolate the sands would be without their oases. Amid the wreckage of disaster, he sees timbers to be picked out for the rebuilding. When the wind sweeps down the grain fields, he plans how he can use the straw.

He always manages to find a bright spot in the gloom—a star trying to shine through the clouds. When he is knocked off his

The Market Value of Optimism

feet, he immediately finds them again—squares his shoulders, tightens up his pluck, and starts in to straighten up. Instead of discounting the promise of the future, he discounts his misfortune. He believes in himself, and with that belief, fertilizes his effort until it blossoms with result.

From the beginning of time, the envious, complacent, lazy, half-hearted peoples of the world have resented his fine enthusiasm. Because he is different, they believe that he must be a fool. He is insane; he isn't balanced. He is abnormal; but it's the abnormality of a better brain and a more fluent imagination.

He's a soldier of the foreguard, marching ahead to open the way and make safer the journeys of those who come after him—who move onward only with the power of their feet and their meat. He aims higher than he strikes, and thereby hits a fairer mark than if he aspired lower. He sketches with the pencil of imagination, and even if he seldom builds his towers as high as his plans, he leaves the specifications with which another generation can complete the undertaking.

The Market Value of Optimism

He's the optimist—the man who believes that he can do it. He fails time and time again; but he fails in his work, not in himself. Even if he went but halfway down the path of progress, he left only half as much still to be done by the man who followed.

All that you have, all that you cherish, all that is big and fine and worth while, all your ethics, all your philosophies, all your sanities, all that means most to you, all that has brought you down from the tree homes of your ape forebears—was believed in by one set of optimists and achieved by another.

The General who thinks that he can win his battle does more with his optimism than with his cannons. Without that belief, a hundred battalions and a thousand squadron of horse are halved in number.

A coward can't conquer anything, because he can't conquer himself. A doubter can't help, because he's an enemy to himself—a traitor to his own cause.

Nothing that is hard, nothing that bends

The Market Value of Optimism

men's backs and strains their sinews and tears their souls and starves them, would ever be brought to pass if an optimist didn't have that within him which made him feel it was worth while to endure and to suffer for the sake of getting to the place and the thing he wanted.

Ability doesn't count; knowledge is useless; experience has no worth without the driving force of optimism. It's the steam that makes all the wheels go round—it's the sparking plug of the motor—it starts things.

Some one must think for those who won't and can't think for themselves. An optimist had to see the steam of a locomotive through the mist of a teakettle before the Baldwins could build their shops. He didn't anticipate the space condenser that whirls you from New York to Chicago over night; but he found the principle—he believed that it could be done.

The architect is a bigger man than the builder. You can put dumb wheels of iron side by side and cog to cog and make

them do most anything—after some optimist has pointed out the thing to do.

An optimist found America; an optimist built the airship; an optimist rolled in the gutters of poverty, but even in the gauntest hours he clung to his belief until he set together the fingers of steel and brass that set these lines into print. He was jeered at and sneered at; nine men out of ten thought him crazy, and ninety-nine in a hundred called him a bore; but he knew better all the time, and so it didn't hurt. It takes more than a snicker or a jibe to kill the impulse of creation, which is given to strong men only because Providence doesn't waste her real bounties upon yellow-veined weaklings.

Every time the stock ticker starts to spell financial doom and the fear maddened hordes of depositors rush to the banks to hasten the disaster, half a dozen optimists —a few men who believe that courage and grit and the natural resources of America will always readjust the balance—save the nation from bankruptcy. They back up

The Market Value of Optimism

their belief with their fortunes; but they risk nothing—the risk would be in not believing—they save themselves by saving the markets. The most valuable stock that is listed on 'Change is optimism, and it's worth more per share than Chemical National.

Anything is possible to the man who believes that nothing is impossible. He doesn't always make good; but he makes good oftener than the pessimist. His judgment isn't always right; but many a time the very vehemence of his confidence has carried through an undertaking which half-heartedness would have wrecked.

He can never see failure, because the golden sun of ambition is always shining in his face, blinding his eyes to the impossibilities. He doesn't heed the warnings of discouragement, because higher and clearer than the little noises of the little people he hears the call of success. He must be what he is. He's filled with the mightiest message given to man—he has been touched with the God-spark that blazes into achievement.

He has wrenched the knocker from his door; stuffed his ears with cotton wool and cannot hear Opportunity when she does summon him.

THE MAN WHO THINKS HE HAS NO CHANCE

The man who thinks he has no chance destroys his chances by acknowledgment of self-defeat. He has deliberately blinded himself; bound upon his limbs the shackles and chains of cowardice; weighted himself down with the greatest of all handicaps—despair. He has wrenched the knocker from his door; stuffed his ears with cotton wool and cannot hear Opportunity when she does summon him.

Life is a huge kaleidoscope, rotating upon the axis of time. Every day the earth takes a turn that readjusts the aspect of existence. Every hour reveals a new pattern for the future. Viewpoints are incessantly altering. New combinations of circumstance are putting novel phases upon affairs.

The Man Who Thinks He Has No Chance

The highways and byways are shifting. The wastes of past centuries are awake and blossoming into fertile areas.

A hopeful, fearless, ingenious mind cannot fail to behold promise everywhere.

All over the world Industry is in a vast, seething ferment. From Shanghai to Lima the merchant is finding new openings for his wares. From London to Kobe the manufacturer is planning further markets for his products. From Assouan to Death Valley the engineer is battling with the arid, burning clays and sands. The explorer is roaming from pole to pole for new fibres and new seeds and new timbers and new earths and new ores, upon which new industries will feed.

In a thousand laboratories the chemist is fitting his keys of research to the locked secrets of Nature, enriching art and science and commerce with wealths undreamed of by the dead ages.

The river is wearing a leash, and, tied to the turbine, its waters are making light and giving power to busy wheels for miles around.

The Man Who Thinks He Has No Chance

A new empire for man's possession has been conquered by the aeronaut.

The ever-hungry reaper and harvester are gnawing grain and grass where once were Bad Lands—crying to the railroads to follow them—monster needles with iron rails for thread, stitching fruitful textures to cover the bared body of the Earth.

You nor your children's children can, within the total span of your lives, take advantage of all the chances which a single decade has disclosed.

Never in all the millions of years of its history has this secretive old universe displayed such riches, so many generous opportunities, as now.

The only man who can't better himself in such a whirl and swirl of pioneering is the hopeless incompetent, the laggard, the sorehead, the idler, or the half-wit.

Courage and effort and imagination and energy never knew such chances since Cheops went pyramid-building.

Wake yourself, shake yourself, and DO. North and South and East and West, the

The Man Who Thinks He Has No Chance

call is sounding. For every atrophied acre of farmland in New England, there is a homestead section in a Montana Valley or a Canadian prairie. A thousand cities are about to be born. Help to make them. They will need builders, merchants, lawyers, doctors, manufacturers. Get a map and a time-table.

The most terrific century of all is here. Share it.

His coat-of-arms is a sneering frown, surmounted with funeral plumes and emblazoned upon a field of tears. The immemorial motto of his clan is, "I told you so."

THE PESSIMIST AND ALSO CLARENCE

He turns the silver side of every cloud to find its dark lining. Beholding one maimed petal, he bewails the fading of all the rose. His to-morrow brings no hope—no rainbows follow his storms. He is a human bullfrog, constantly diving into the dark mud of existence and soiling the song of life with his chilling croak. He seeks selfish motives in every benefactor—he bites the coin of charity and blackens the pure metal of generosity with his miserable acid of doubt.

He peers into the hearts of children for guile and deceit—he tests the golden impulses of great-souled men for streaks of brass—his chief happiness is the pursuit of misery, and when his hunting is successful he divides his woes freely with all his acquaintances.

The Pessimist and also Clarence

While all the rest of the world is tugging onward, he is straining backward—a clogging cog amidst the whirling wheels. He's a fussy, grouchy, disturbing member of society, himself unwilling to advance yet unwilling to have others press onward.

His coat-of-arms is a sneering frown, surmounted with funeral plumes and emblazoned upon a field of tears. The immemorial motto of his clan is, "I told you so."

His eyes never lift to the heights of achievement. To him all that is untried is untrue—that which is undone, cannot be done—what has not been proven must be false. We all know him. He's at every desk and every elbow—so busy criticising that he keeps others from creating—so earnestly watching pennies that might roll out that he overlooks the dollars they might bring in. He swells his chest and points with pride at the expenses he keeps down without a thought to the revenues he keeps away.

Don't mind him, he doesn't count. He's

just a stumbling block on the up-road. What he calls caution is merely cowardice. If half the energy he applies to retarding his associates were bent upwards, its force would hurl a dozen undertakings to their goal.

Clarence Nearsite was such. Clarence is no longer Chief Pennysaver for Gettup & Goze. Clarence's resignation was quite a surprise to a number of people, including Clarence. When he and old man Gettup talked it all over, this was about the gist of the valedictory: "When I engaged you to be our safety-valve, I didn't realize what an intense disposition you have. You have not only been a satisfactory safety-valve, but too satisfactory—in about one more year, the valve would have been the only active part of our machine.

"So long as you held down expenses, you were all right, but when you got enthusiastic and started to hold down our income, too, I sorter felt that I'd prefer to smash the business by letting it go too hard than see it lost by running down. Your record in the

The Pessimist and also Clarence

postage stamp department is irreproachable—your showing in lead pencils and rubber bands is immaculate. The prices at which you purchased our ink and scratch-pads show a marvelous knowledge of values, but when I look over the list of ten dollar chances you let slip by, while you were avoiding ten cent risks, something tells me that we must part.

"Somehow or other you strongly remind me of Bruno. Father bought him to keep the boys from stealing his apples. Bruno did manage to drive the boys away, but he also drove away the commission men who came to bid for the crop and so Father had to dispense with him—he couldn't afford so much protection.

"I expect that we'll lose many a dime through the coming year, running along without you, but the dollar-well is so deep and action is so important in emptying it that we'll take the risk on spilling a little bit for the sake of keeping the buckets full."

He's all right as far as he goes—but he's short on practical mileage and Fate always kicks him off at a deserted water tank half way between Start and Finish.

THE CHRONIC FAILURE

He journeys through life with his head butting into the clouds and his feet dragging through the quagmire. He's a trance medium, a schemer, a visionary, a chaser of the "will-o'-the-wisp." He rushes on without seeing the road, and, like a charging bull, he doesn't know that there's a stone wall ahead of him until he batters himself full of bumps. He's searching for "X"—the great unknown quantity, the twentieth dimension, the secret of the ancients, the magic formula of the alchemist which will change the lead of incompetency into the gold of results.

He deludes himself with the fool idea that he can get wealth without getting down to hard tacks.

He builds weird ladders to the fairy-land

The Chronic Failure

of his fancy, but the trouble with his ladders is that they have no rungs. He tries to climb up on the steps of theory—and his progress is just as rapid as that of a sprinter who attempts to lower the hundred-yard record on a tread-mill.

He's imbued with ideals instead of ideas. His whole career is an endless series of rehearsals which never eventuate into performances. He's all right as far as he goes—but he's short on practical mileage; and Fate always kicks him off at a deserted water-tank half way between Start and Finish.

His brain is so jammed with illusions that there isn't room for conclusions. He never learns that a man must buy a full ticket to go the full journey—that he must rear a stairway to the upper stories.

His bridges end in midstream—they never reach the other side. He sets off down the thoroughfare, and before he has fairly started, the first crossroad catches his attention and off he goes, without a moment's consideration as to where he'll land.

The Chronic Failure

He isn't lazy—he's merely hazy. The amount of time and zeal that he fritters away is tremendous—it doesn't count because it isn't concentrated—it escapes in all directions. He's a human teakettle blowing his steam from a dozen spouts—he's filled with force, but he doesn't drive anything with it. He has the power to make things spin, but he doesn't harness it sanely—his driving belt is so loose that when he does hitch it on to a wheel, it immediately slips off.

He's the busiest builder in town, but he shows no results. His foundations are too shallow to hold his walls. And when he does dig them deep enough, his walls are never evened up when he starts in to roof. He's a carpenter without a spirit level and a plumb line—a constructor without a working diagram. He's first cousin to a water bucket with a hole in the bottom—no matter how much energy he pumps into himself, it's wasted.

He's the Chronic Failure—the man with every sense but common sense. He

The Chronic Failure

figures only the chances for success, but doesn't contemplate the percentage against him. He doesn't look for the things which are likely to go wrong. He's a bad general —he's content to consider how he can win, but not where he can lose.

He intends to be straight, but he isn't honest to himself, and his self-dishonesty involves everyone whose confidence he gains, and so he seems dishonest to them.

All around him are average men, with fewer natural gifts. They attain and they retain because they take the time to think before they start and to finish what they begin. They don't bother with "X"—they know its equivalent—they attempt but one task at a time and carry it out.

You can't get the best of him because he holds on to the best in himself. You can't keep him down because you can't keep him downhearted.

HE KEEPS ON WHILE YOU WEEP ON

He has his reverses—he trips and bruises his heart—grief bites into his soul—delay nags at his ambition—the frosts of ill-fortune nip his hopes—time and time again he walks forth in faith, only to sink in the morass of deceit—but he smiles.

Life has been as hard with him as with you—he has learned that every joy must be paid for with two tears—he has found that today's dreams are seldom tomorrow's wakenings—but he keeps on while you weep on—he trudges forward, always seeking something better—eternally in quest of a fair sky and a rose by the wayside.

He isn't a philosopher nor an enthusiast. He's merely a real man, a sitter in the Game of Life who knows the rules and accepts them—the same rules in the same

He Keeps On While You Weep On

game that the world has played since the first dawn came smiling out of Chaos.

But because he is a man, life is a finer thing than if he were a sour-face.

He sneers at nothing. He judges no fellow—he has put himself upon the scales and has seen his own short measurements far too often.

He is charitable because he has known so many hours when he could find no charity.

He is just because he has met with injustice.

He is daring because he has learned that the average man is a coward—therefore he can rely upon no initiative but his own.

He never despairs—tomorrows are unknown quantities.

When in doubt, he plays confidence. He chooses a lever instead of a drag. He is never totally a failure. When he loses much, he still keeps something—the right to respect himself. He can't lose utterly because he can only lose what can be replaced.

He Keeps On While You Weep On

You can't get the best of him because he holds on to the best in himself. You can't keep him down because you can't keep him downhearted. You can't defeat him because he is guarding his birthright of manhood and protecting that instead of the things you want, so that even if you do win he does not lose.

Back in the 40's when the boys set out for the Coast, Grandpa Wilson insisted upon making the journey. When the mountains tried to frown him back—when the labor of trudging up the pathless rocks clutched at his heart with tearing fingers—when his wind wheezed through tortured lungs and his legs crumbled, and it seemed that his last step was to be his last, he would search about him for a heavy log or a hefty rock, place it upon his shoulders and then try again. The burden made the way doubly difficult, but when he dropped his handicapping weight the relief was so great that the top of the mountain seemed to come half way down the slope to help him up.

Herbert Kaufman

He Keeps On While You Weep On

None of us can tell how much more we can endure until we are called upon to endure more. We don't know how far we can go until we are faced with a longer journey.

Imagination can be turned into a stilt or a pair of wings, just as often as into a ball and chain. When we believe that things can be better instead of worse, we make them so. Despair can only exist by recognition.

He does not make the common error of confusing education with intelligence. The world is filled with good brains which have missed the opportunity of training.

A FAIR MAN

He gazes at life through a window-pane, and does not view it through a lens. Therefore, he sees all things clearly—since he does not permit prejudice to distort his vision.

He continually guards himself against the error of diminishing the value of any man's works because of a personal antipathy. And on the other hand, he is just as careful not to make the equally great mistake of exaggerating the virtues and attainments of those whom he loves or likes.

He measures facts on honest scales, and weighs folks as he finds them, not as he hopes or hears or wishes them to be.

He forms no definite opinion on any subject until he is qualified by the possession of information sufficient to reach a sane, unbiased conclusion.

He does not heed gossip or slander. The

A Fair Man

one is bred of thoughtlessness and the other is the bread of malice.

He despises the anonymous attack. Honesty never wears the badge of the sneak. Truth does not hide in the grass.

He waits to hear both sides of a quarrel and insists upon maintaining a neutral attitude until he knows enough to judge fairly.

He admires many whose essentially personal characteristics and inclinations do not appeal to him.

Admiration is the approval of deeds. It is a calm, clear sum total of abilities, in the addition of which the symbols of friendship do not figure.

Many men in whose company he finds no pleasure and whom he does not desire to meet upon an intimate social basis, none the less receive his enthusiastic approval of their achievements.

He searches beneath dress and under address for ability and stability. He knows that tailors cannot change the cut of a

man's character, and that talent is not always glib in its expression. He does not make the common error of confusing education with intelligence. The world is filled with good brains which have missed the opportunity of training. Intelligence is an instinct and an experience, while culture is largely a schooling—a memorizing of facts and rules and incidents. Initiative cannot be taught; creative tendencies cannot be lectured into a head; the senses of honor, of self-respect, of dignity, of charity, of construction, of leadership, are birthrights.

He is never a snob. He exercises his right to choose for associates those with whose ideas and ideals he is in sympathy; but he does not assume that the rest of the world is thereby wrong or inferior or foolish.

We've equalized opportunity. This is the most that society can do—it cannot equalize men.

YOU MUST SUCCEED ALONE

You say that you deserve success—then prove it. We're sitting in the jury box waiting for the evidence—ready to be convinced—willing to grant you what you deserve, but neither anxious to help nor to hinder you.

Present your facts—show results, but don't rest your case with words.

Your personal opinion is of absolutely no moment; it's bound to be biased. Try as you may, you will look at yourself through the glasses of self-interest—you will exaggerate your importance.

We refuse to accept the measurement of your own scales; they can't be honest. Conceit and egotism are helping to weigh down your side. You're prone to mistake the desire for the ability to accomplish—inclination is apt to color your judgment.

Herbert Kaufman

You Must Succeed Alone

We're cynical? Why not? Since the beginning of civilization we have seen most men over-reach themselves—the memory of the world is scarred, and each scar represents an experience with shirkers who posed as workers—with weaklings who attempted beyond their strength.

Most of mankind must serve—only a few can command. Unless we are impartial and remain judicial, we will have chaos. Men must adjust themselves to their proper relations to the rest of society. Progress is a matter of elimination.

The only way that you can find your exact measurement is to jump into the seive—it can't cheat. If you're big enough, you won't slip through the mesh, but if you're a "cull" you must be sifted out.

Democracy has made of life an open game—in a free field. There are no boundaries or fences, except for those who deserve constraint and for those who have not the power to climb over the barriers which segregate servant from master, follower from leader.

The world wants its powerful sons—and the only way they can be found is to set them among their fellows and have them demonstrate their supremacy by the contrast. No other test would be a true or fair one.

You Must Succeed Alone

Leaders are not discovered; they prove themselves. Power is not bestowed—it is not a giving—but a gift.

We've equalized opportunity. This is the most that society can do—it cannot equalize men.

If you are lacking in courage and grit and mentality—if you are twisted or warped—if the vital impulse of attainment is not bred in your bones and surging in your blood, all the legislation and help between here and Mars can't more than prop you up.

And we refuse to prop you, simply because the other man can't have what belongs to him if we handicap him by giving you assistance and demand that he look out for himself.

We don't care what your parents were—we only wish to know who and what you

You Must Succeed Alone

are—what you can do and how honestly you will do it.

You can have anything if you are shrewd and tenacious and lasting enough to reach it, but you must attain alone.

You must fight for your place, but you must fight fairly and under the rules. If you break them, we'll break you.

Whenever you try to hold him back you simply turn him into a bow—you bend him into greater power, and lend him the strength to hurl his shaft of determination twice as far.

THE MAN YOU CAN'T DEFEAT

He isn't afraid of failure, and so after awhile Failure becomes afraid of him. When all's said and done, Failure is like every other bully and turns tail at the first hint of a whole-hearted, fearless defense.

What if he does stumble—granted that he goes down in defeat time and time again—just watch him fumbling, crawling, husbanding his strength bit by bit, gripping fast with his last shred of grit and his last flash of wit—never despairing—watching and waiting until he sees the chance and then, Zip! before you realize it, he is on his feet again and up against the wall ready to take on any comer.

He keeps learning what not to do until he has narrowed down the field of mistakes and errors, and by the sheer experience of

The Man You Can't Defeat

elimination he knows at last the few sane, safe principles of success.

The size of a task never appalls him—his courage is great enough to lift him shoulder to shoulder with any emprise to which he aspires; his resolution is the most terrific ram that ever battered the walls of circumstance.

Errors of judgment and his over-zeal repeatedly hurl him to earth. But while he lies on his back he doesn't waste time wailing because of his failing; he doesn't re-hash the past and moan and groan over what is gone and what can't be helped; he takes count of his assets and figures out how he can return to the game.

He doesn't mind the broken bones—they'll knit; or the bruises—they'll heal; or the sprains—time will take care of all of them. So long as his spirit isn't fractured and his determination isn't splintered, he's not shattered, but only battered.

The mere loss of goods is just a loss of time; if he hasn't lost his manhood and his memory, he can duplicate whatever he

possessed and re-attain whatever he dropped.

You can "break" him, but you can't break his backbone. You can bind his activities, but you can't tie down his spirit. You can handicap him, but so long as he doesn't handicap himself, he'll win out against you as surely as day must follow night.

He puts his own judgment in the scales and the prejudices of the whole universe won't outweigh it; while there's breath in his body, and hope in his breast, and nerve in his meat, he's ready and eager to pit his ambitions against all humanity.

Don't waste the time to laugh at him, to shrug at him or strike at him; the joke is bound to be on you in the end. He's padded all over with self-assurance. A sneer can't get through his vitals. Disbelief and incredulity rattle against his sheath of confidence like dry peas upon a stone wall.

Whenever you try to hold him back you simply turn him into a bow—you bend him

The Man You Can't Defeat

into greater power, and when you let go you have loaned him the strength to hurl his shaft of determination twice as far.

He's a human spring—the greater the pressure you put upon him, the further he'll rebound.

Opposition is his whetstone; it simply puts a deeper edge upon his keenness.

Every unfair dig that he receives is a spur-tear.

It doesn't stop him, but sends him leaping ahead. It rouses his lazing, lurking amperes and kilowatts of force—it calls upon his reserve of energy and sets it surging and singing through his being, doubling his horse power, intensifying his voltage, until he breaks every band and bond of opposition.

Don't measure him by his years; courage never rusts with time.

He'll break new ground for himself up to the hour that you break ground for him.

You can't tell how he'll finish, until his finish.

But the wise old Earth
wags her aged head at
you and pityingly smiles.
Mother of Creation, she
knows what mighty
thing has been deeded
to her sons to be.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE POLE

Another search of ages has been ended; another secret of the universe disclosed. A new leaf has been added to the laurel of achievement.

This wonder-century which showed the way to talk across the vasts and whispered to Invention how to seize the highways of the air, has led the first explorer to the Pole.

And, of course, we all agree that it was very wonderful and brave—a deed of mighty courage—sublime—and everything else that is nice and praiseworthy. BUT—

When we pause to consider that it has merely shown the map maker where to rule a few more lines upon his globes, and allowed the scientist to place its equivalent beside another long-elusive "X," the game by far outweighs the candle.

What Shall We Do with the Pole

For, beyond these things, what in the name of common sense are we to do with it? How may we use it?

It will not add to the wealth of nations nor simplify processes of manufacture. It has no market value. It isn't a bed of radium nor a mine of gold—only a weird, wild acre, whose trail is marked with tortured lives and haunted with their tragedies.

When you think of all the long bleak journeys up there on the unpathed ice, with hunger always stalking close behind the sleds—the frost-fanged blasts that no furs could withstand, the maddening isolation and the wearied limbs, stung ever onward by the lash of courage, you surely can't be called narrow or unjust when you judge the achievement to be a woeful waste of splendid energy.

But the wise old Earth wags her aged head at you and pityingly smiles. Mother of Creation, she knows what mighty thing has been deeded to her sons to be.

She gazes to the North and there beholds a spur to drive the laggard to the fore. She sees a dazzling light to burn away the mists of doubt; a tablet to endure within the halls of history and there proclaim to all the lands and all the times how all is possible to confidence.

The chemist, spent with years of futile trials, will, at the recollection of the Pole, re-clench his teeth, and urge his dying courage back to spreading wing.

The artist, pleading to his brushes to transmute the dream within his soul, will, by its grace, paint on until persistence lifts him into genius.

Inventors, wearied with the teasing puzzle of wheels and cranks and springs, will call to mind how one more trial found the farthest goal; and sped again to essay at their jumbles, will find that Fortune always answers to the louder Call.

No scales can weigh nor figures tabulate its worth. Its memory means another ampere to the will of man—another tendon

What Shall We Do with the Pole

for his tiring arm—support to fagging hope—fresh resolution to repel despair.

It is a force brought from the uttermosts to nurture that in men which makes them climb up to their highest destiny—a ringing voice to cry "I can, I shall, I must," into the hearts of all who truly seek the Key.

You must come out of the attic of theory and elbow your way through the matter-of-fact practical world. The thing which ruins the possibilities of half of mankind is the inability of men to see clearly the distinction between yearning and earning.

THE MAN WHO OVERESTIMATES HIMSELF

You're a wedge trying to make a start at the wrong end; you expect to find an opening which will fit your egotism instead of your capacity.

The sooner you taper down to circumstances, the quicker you'll taper up to circumstance.

You want to begin at the place where others are content to finish; you hope to be an oak without commencing as an acorn.

Careers and trees are wonderfully alike—both require years and patience until they reach their normal development. They must have roots before they can mature. They must get a firm hold on solid ground before they reach height and breadth and branch out.

The Man Who Overestimates Himself

We don't know what is in you until it comes out of you. Therefore, we demand evidence of accomplishment before we believe in your accomplishments.

We have learned that strength wants no favors and disdains assistance; so that if you ask to be fostered in a hot-house of favoritism, we are skeptical and regard it as a whimper and an evidence of your self-distrust.

If you're confident of your attainments, go ahead and back up your belief by attainment. Let us see you grow; but go out into the open where you can be tested by the same storms and difficulties that the average man must survive. Weather the weather. Put yourself on a basis of unrestricted competition.

If you're blown down, or shrivel up at the outset, it's either your fault (you haven't gripped with strong enough or long enough roots) or it's your misfortune (you're a weakling and lacking in the sap and fibre of survival).

We'd have a fine sort of a world if we

permitted unproved, untried, untested men to leap in and abrogate what pleases their vanity. Our armies would have no privates —every soldier would seize for himself the field marshal's baton. Our battleships would rust in the docks; there would be no stokers—every sailor would be strutting about the decks in the cocked hat of a rear admiral. The wheels of our factories would never turn—every worker would be a superintendent without a force to direct.

Making life too easy for you would make it too hard for everyone else; therefore, in the end, just as hard for you.

We won't help you because misplaced assistance is hindrance.

You must work your way up and expect everybody else who is after the same things to try and hold you down.

You must come out of the attic of theory and elbow your way through the matter-of-fact practical world. The thing which ruins the possibilities of half of mankind is the inability of men to see clearly the distinction between yearning and earning.

The Man Who Overestimates Himself

If you honestly believe that you are capable, you will court comparison and look for competition. You won't care how or where you're placed, provided you have room enough and time enough to demonstrate your superiority.

The cup-winning thoroughbred had to pass through the same training as every other yearling in the paddock. Otherwise, he would have been too erratic to run a good race.

You, too, must be taught how to stick to the set course and conserve your energy. You must learn to respond to intelligent direction. It won't break your spirit. It will simply save you from wasting it.

Even genius must be restrained and shaped into practical form. We build the machinery of commerce and government and professionalism on staple lines. We must plan every part to fit in with co-relation. We must replace so often that it is dangerous to gear any segment on to our engines for which there isn't an available counterpart in case we lose it.

We demand that you take the test. We insist upon your reliability. We must train you before we can use you.

Until Niagara was harnessed, her force wasn't worth as much to the world as a half-horsepower of brook falling upon a medieval mill wheel.

Fate frequently postpones her settlement day to increase its hardship, she often lulls the cheat into a sense of security, and after permitting him to aspire for the finer things of life, she drags him down to his earlier level and collects her debt with compounded interest.

DISHONESTY DOUBLES THE JOURNEY TO SUCCESS

Dishonesty doubles the journey to success; a crooked path must always be longer than a straight one. If you have the least doubt upon this point, take out your pencil and make the test; you don't need an engineer's degree for the proof—just a degree of common sense. A man is never so strong as when he stands upright—the further he stoops the easier he can be knocked over.

The end of a reputation depends very largely upon its beginning. An unsafe foundation continually threatens everything that rests upon it. A little more time spent in beginning life right will save years of after-effort in setting right a false start. Reputations must be built of sound timber or they can't last. If there's a flaw

Dishonesty Doubles the Journey to Success

in a man's record, it's bound to show, and the more important he becomes the more certain the disclosure. A faulty beam is never in such danger as when it is called upon to sustain a great weight. Sooner or later failure is sure to mark the man who marks his cards.

Swimming against the tide requires more skill and endurance than swimming with it; the man who isn't straight puts a terrific handicap upon himself. He must play tug-of-war single-handed against all society. The strength and resource that can successfully hold out against the organized opposition of public sentiment could accomplish tenfold as much with the co-operation and good will of everybody arrayed in his favor.

Every now and then we hear Weakkneed Shallowbrain sophistically remark: "Don't tell me that honesty pays; look at So-and-So; see what he has accomplished; and everybody knows how he made his money."

But Shallowbrain doesn't pause to realize that if "So-and-So" had not paid the

penalty and did not wear the livid brand of disrepute he would not be able to quote his record.

Prison bars are by no means the ultimate punishment; iron gratings are easier for some men to endure than the grating contempt of their associates.

Wealth shrinks in value when its possessor is despised and distrusted; its purchasing power shrivels.

Every dishonest dollar leaves a trail as plain as that of an anise bag which eventually leads up to the man who carries it.

Fate is a creature of whims. In her sardonic humor she frequently postpones her settlement day to increase its hardship; she often lulls the cheat into a sense of security, and after permitting him to understand and aspire for the finer things of life, she drags him down to his earlier level and collects her debt with a frightfully compounded interest.

An obscure man attracts less attention than a well-known figure—the bigger the

Dishonesty Doubles the Journey to Success

crowd around the pillory, the more shameful the emotions of him who stands in it.

There's only one way that's right, and all the other ways are wrong.

Success does not cut her rates—her terms are net—she does business on the one-price system.

All the noteworthy achievements in commerce and in art were soundly conceived and accomplished through hard work and honorable effort.

Deprivation breeds appreciation. Ambition shrivels where luxury flourishes. Energy grows poorly in rich soil. Men are awakened and quickened and spurred on by need.

THE BOY WHOSE FATHER OWNED THE CANDY STORE

The boy whose father owned the candy store missed all the fun of wishing that father owned it.

He never knew what it was to flatten his nose against the shop window while he hesitated over the relative advantage of investing his penny in a lemon sucker (which would last for an hour) or a marshmallow peach (which would delight his palate for one fleeting moment but leave him with a greater longing than before).

No matter how wisely or well you chose, you invariably decided that the selection had been ill-advised, and so there were always tomorrows with their unrealized hopes.

Wishing for things is by far the best part

The Boy Whose Father Owned the Candy Store

of possessing them. The man who has too much at the outset finds too little at the end—all things are valueless, because he has no standards of measurement. We cannot find the true weight of wealth except upon the scales of poverty.

Deprivation breeds appreciation. Ambition shrivels where luxury flourishes. Energy grows poorly in rich soil. Men are awakened and quickened and spurred on by need. We learn to know the worth of what we win by contrast with a period when we possessed less.

The man who has cut his teeth on a silver spoon is in the midst of riches but not enriched by them. He is like the merboy whose whole life is spent in the water but who cannot experience the thrill which runs through a hot, tired, dusty youngster, who has trudged half a morning over sun-baked roads and fields of stubble for momentary delight of the shock that follows his dive into the swimming hole.

You see Fortune isn't so lopsided in her division of bounties as she sometimes seems.

If she gives lavishly in one direction she usually takes away a compensating something to make up for it.

The laborer envies the clerk because his duties are lighter; the clerk envies his employer because he is master of his own business; the employer envies the dawdler because he is master of his own time; the dawdler envies the peer because his status is assured; the peer envies the monarch because his position is supreme—and the king envies the laborer and the clerk, and the employer and the dawdler and the peer because they possess rights as individuals which he can never own. The circle is complete—it touches every human of every caste and class. There is no such thing as complete happiness through mere possession of goods or position.

Happiness lies only in contentment. Envy and dissatisfaction find fruitful soil all the way from the ditch to the throne-room.

The want of things makes progress. The necessities of existence produce Men.

The Boy Whose Father Owned the Candy Store

The most important word in the lexicon of success is "must."

It is in the striving and the struggling that the sinews of initiative and determination are developed. The most useless as well as the most unhappy people on the face of the earth are those who have no duties. The man who works gets far more out of life than he who shirks.

Easy problems are never worth solution—the great rewards are always bought by terrific effort—little men can only achieve little things. Windfalls are worthless. Nature and human nature are both alike—all real treasures are rock-bound.

THE WORLD BELONGS TO THE FIGHTING FEW

When you lose faith in yourself your mainspring has run down—the rest of the works are useless. You're letting time pass without making a record—you're all wrong inside, and a glance at your face shows everybody that you are out of order.

You're just occupying the space of a man—fit only to be directed and fitted merely for the little posts in life where hands and feet are paid for by the dime per hour. You've judged yourself and passed adverse sentence—the world won't reverse the decision. You can no longer direct yourself, so you must be driven.

The rest of us are not cheating our hour of opportunity, and since you don't care we haven't the time to care for you. You can come wherever we go, but we won't

The World Belongs to the Fighting Few

carry you. The roads to everywhere are open. You have the same right of way, but not the right to weigh upon our backs.

The thing—the only thing—that can save you is a rewinding of the mainspring —Determination.

Wishing for things is like fishing for things —wasted without perseverance. Thinking and doing aren't the same. Good ideas are only seeds. They must be planted and tilled before they can produce.

A thousand men thought that the airship was possible, but possibility couldn't become probability without hard labor.

Instead of building castles in the air, the Wrights and Zeppelins and Dumonts built something to carry them to the castles. They planned and plugged and figured and failed, and kept failing and kept learning from failure until they could soar to what others merely saw.

They fell down and bumped themselves until they bumped into the right plan—they couldn't pick it out from the wrong

ways until they had eliminated them by test.

Easy problems are never worth solution—the great rewards are always bought by terrific effort—little men can only achieve little things. Windfalls are worthless. Nature and human nature are both alike—all real treasures are rock-bound.

Thousands of men had that in them which could have made them a Napoleon or a Caesar, a Carnegie or a Field, but they remained nonentities simply because they had a fool idea that Fortune keeps a visiting list. She doesn't. She hasn't stirred from home since she first went into business. Her abode is way up among the crags. There are no beaten paths to her front door. No man who ever found it managed to leave footprints to guide another over exactly the same route. She gives nothing. She trades and she drives her bargains just as hard as a Monday shopper. The price of her goods must be paid for in grit and ability.

Being a woman, she despises a coward—

The World Belongs to the Fighting Few

her smiles are only for those who flatter her vanity by enduring some suffering for the favor of her graces.

In every desert there are wells—in every stretch of sun-baked bad land, there are pools. The weaklings who wander out into the sands and the wastes do not find them. They are there for the Fighting Few. The great things of the earth are not for the doubters—this universe belongs to the sons of strength. No field of endeavor is so barren but what they find its oases. Some time, amid the ruins of an ancient land, a temple will be unearthed sacred to Success, and high over the altar, hewn into the living rock, these lines:

"I exist only in the Man—I am Human Will. I cannot aid those who seek help, but them who disdain to ask it. Those who doubt themselves destroy me; they who believe, achieve."

There are wonderful dreams foundered in the ruts and wrecked things in the dirt, and, somewhere toward the outset, a heart-hurt and—memories.

THE WINDOWS OF HOPE AND MEMORY

The wardrobe mistress lingers at Nellie's door. She's waiting for her peacock costume. One of the pony ballet caught her foot in it before Nellie could swish the train aside and the rent will have to be repaired. Managers are very considerate—of gowns. The stage is a place where lots of things get wrecked, if one is thoughtless, and costumes costing up to $175 must be guarded. Nellie wears seven imported creations in the new revue—Her salary is twenty "per."

Perhaps you've noticed Nellie—she stood fifth in the line—the last line. For the past five years she's been moving back—at a distance crow's-feet and loosening chins don't show. (And then, too, grease paint and rice powder help some.) From where you sit, Nellie still looks stunning. Almost

as pretty as when she belonged in the front line, right up near the stage boxes. But in fifteen years lines come and go—some stay.

Hazel has Nellie's old place now. Hazel has only been on fifteen days. She's wholesome and young and rosy. Her eyes sparkle—her limbs are all life as she whirls and swirls through the dances. This is such a gay world—with its calcium and tinsel and crashing music and brightness and cheer—without any of the worries and sorrows—with none of the grinding, binding duties, but just freedom and independence—the maddest make-believe all come true. Why, only a month ago she was wasting her days in the drab routine of matter-of-fact home life—an ordinary, usual person, no better than you or I—but now! At last, Nellie has changed the sequined robe for a street suit and is making ready to leave. Hazel walks back to the hotel with her. Hazel is pouting with disappointment—at the last moment the little midnight wine supper is off. And so tonight she has time to lie and think of things. And

Nellie, across the hall, is thinking, too—both are thinking of their roads—of the same road, but neither knows that, nor would you or I, if we were peeping at it through Hazel's eyes or Nellie's.

This is the road that Nellie sees: A long, winding, twisted way which runs through years of tears and of shattered hopes. There is mud underfoot and blasted ideals are strewn about. The road is bathed in sunlight where it starts, but keeps getting darker and harder, and the farther it runs the more the grade waxes. There are wonderful dreams foundered in the ruts and wrecked things in the dirt, and, somewhere toward the outset, a heart-hurt and—memories.

But Hazel doesn't see any of these things on her road. It's covered with a golden haze and has a golden pave and it's hedged with rose fantasies. In the distance dashing princes are prancing toward her (at least they would prance if they weren't motor-car princes), and almost within reach is a castle (which might stand upon a terraced hill if

The Windows of Hope and Memory

this weren't the year of 1910 when castle building is done nearer to the ground). And all along the road are wonderful things waiting for her—fame and triumph, lavish luxury, happiness and—

Poor Hazel and poor Nellie—it's really the same road—only the years have changed it for you. We all see the road differently at the end of fifteen days and after fifteen years. We begin by gazing at it through a casement of hope, and then when we've lived and suffered and are weary, we look back at it through the window of memory.

The windows do it all—the road never changes.

Active critics are usually lazy builders. Men who are accomplishing most in the world are constantly figuring how they can squeeze out a little more time to catch up with their back work. No real busy body was ever a busybody.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

There are three sides to every dispute—the inside and the outside and the wrong side. Make sure you see the right side when you pass judgment. But before you bother about the matter at all figure out whether it's any affair of yours to give an opinion. Chances are that you are a muddling, meddling, interfering butter-in—a self-constituted, unsummoned jury of one.

See to it when you chase chickens out of your neighbor's garden that you don't create more havoc by trampling down the flowers.

Mind your own business. If you have one, it needs all the attention you can give it. If you find that you have any attention to spare, you need a new sort of business.

Mind Your Own Business

Active critics are usually lazy builders. Men who are accomplishing most in the world are constantly figuring how they can squeeze out a little more time to catch up with their back work. No real busy body was ever a busybody.

Lending advice is like lending money—it destroys every other friendship. A still tongue is a multitude of virtues.

Get out of the habit of making other people's beds. Keeping your own comfortable is a good-sized life-task.

There's always a bit of glass in every cottage, and when you feel the desire to break somebody else's windows, first take a squint at your own. If you look with honest eyes you will see enough targets to occupy your attention without quitting the premises.

The law against snarling curs is not nearly so necessary as a statute against snarling gabbers. It isn't the canine who most needs the muzzle. Dog-bites aren't nearly so deadly as gossip-bites. They're easier to cure and far less poisonous, There are mighty few deaths from hydro-

phobia, but irresponsible slander has piled up a mortality as heavy as that of war. Men and women struck down by the arrows of rumor outnumber those who have fallen before the rifle.

The man who shoots off his mouth and kills a good name deserves as much punishment as that other type of prize idiot, who shoots off a gun without noticing where it is pointed. The fact that neither one knows "it is loaded" doesn't heal the hurt.

"See, hear and speak no evil" is one of the first lessons implanted in the mind of a Japanese child.

The world is not nearly so bad as it has been painted. The average human is a pretty decent individual. Folks who have the habit of discounting the best in men and women have gotten the viewpoint from themselves. A thief has confidence in no man's honesty—the wanton ridicules the virtue of all women. They who constantly mistrust are most to be mistrusted.

Old Doctor Watson made a practice of

Mind Your Own Business

presenting to each of his graduates a little printed card. "I have merely taught you your A-B-C's," he would say; "your real education is now about to begin. You'll find life less of a problem if you bear these few lines in mind:

"No. 1—When you're speaking evil of a woman, picture your own mother or sister in her place. When you're right you're wrong.

"No. 2—If you think that a man is a thief, tell the police. If your facts are not strong enough to warrant a warrant, they do not justify the accusation.

"No. 3—Distrust 'hearsay.' It's as cowardly to judge an absent man as it is dastardly to strike a defenseless one.

"No. 4—For use when you can't think of any other rule—'Mind your own business.'"

This is the land of new to-morrows. Give yourself the same show that you demand of society, and society will soon make a path to your door.

GROW A SPINE AND MAKE GOOD

When you're down in the dumps and the sun's rays are blue—when your bank account's short and your face is long, and you've quite made up your mind that you haven't a ghost of a show—

When you've run the gamut of your friends and worn out their patience and your credit—when you can't find a living soul who is willing to help you and you're sure that the game is up—

When you've tried to get work, and the only work that you can find is the work of looking for it—when you've reached the stage where all life has assumed a lemon flavor and the future tastes like a mouthful of lye—

When you're sure that nothing is worth while, and you've begun to believe that

Grow a Spine and Make Good

the world has gone wrong, and that you're a football on the field of fortune with the whole universe on the eleven—

Then it's time to remember that Helen Keller made good.

Put down your assets in one column and list hers beside it. Then we'll strike a balance.

Huh! Why, you're rich.

You have eyesight and hearing and speech. Your limbs are sound. You can use your arms and your legs and your hands as freely as ever. What in creation are you wailing about, you weak-kneed welcher!

Oh, don't start cataloguing your trials and afflictions. They don't weigh as much as a feather when you hold them in the scales against those of a girl, the mention of whose name should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of every man who has his health and fails.

Without eyes, she learned to read. She never heard a violin or the glory of a great voice. Her tongue never framed a ques-

tion. All the things that her brain yearned to know were walled away from her.

And yet she made good, simply because she wasn't a quitter. What Nature wouldn't give her, she gave herself.

And you, who have everything that counts—all the tools of success—all the unbuyable gifts of Providence—wealth that the gold of a strongbox couldn't purchase from you even at this hour—you are bawling!

You deserve failure. You're a coward.

There's a chance for every man in this country, but you haven't spunk enough to take yours.

The prairies are yearning to become farms—the rivers are eager to turn mill wheels—the cities are breeding new neighborhoods—millions of peasants, ignorant of a word of English, without skill, but with doggedness to take its place, are earning bread and finding homes.

You can't be helped because you're a jelly-fish. If you were lifted up, you'd flop back like a soggy sponge.

Grow a Spine and Make Good

Start in and grow a spine. Wade through your self-pity and your false pride. Dig through your cowardice and your fear and find the man in yourself.

Try again and keep trying; try as hard as the blind girl tried.

If one spot is too crowded, go where they need a crowd. If one resource fails you, invent another.

This is the land of new tomorrows. Give yourself half the chance that you demand of society, and society will soon make a path to your door.

Effort is chiefly lost through misapplication. The men who know the most haven't done as much for the world as the men who do the most. "Waiting until to-morrow" has destroyed more businesses, ruined more lives and annihilated more armies than the power of enmity.

THE HALF-BALD LADY

The eleventh hour is only thirty minutes long. You can't do your best at the last moment—fretting whether you'll have time enough, consumes half of your energy.

It isn't what's in your head, but what's in your go-ahead—it isn't what you can do, but what you do do—only action wins.

Postponements usually end in post-mortems. The men who live in today have a better chance to reach tomorrow than the air-castle architect, whose dreams keep him so busy that he doesn't busy himself.

Life's a treadmill—if you don't keep stepping you'll fall down and be stepped on by the man behind you.

Caution is a virtue, but when taken in over-doses, like some good medicine it becomes a vice—it hurts instead of helps. An over-used brake is a breaker. It's far

The Half-Bald Lady

better to spoil a chance than to neglect it. You can repair the hurts of misjudgment, but what has gone is utterly lost. Time is the only thing that can be destroyed. The day that has slipped away can't come back—the old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass doesn't make round-trips.

The Greeks pictured Opportunity as a half-bald woman with all her hair on her forehead—you had to grab her from the front—once she had passed there was nothing to clutch at—your opportunities have a bald side, too.

If you want to see how necessary timeliness is, go to a play and watch the actor who misses his cue—he holds up the whole performance. It's the same in the bigger theater—Life. The men who don't watch their cues never get into the leading companies—the rest of the cast are afraid of 'em.

The office boy who forgets to send the telegram brings the discretion and reputation of his firm down to his own level of inefficiency. The motorman who misses

his schedule involves every other car on the line—the last member of the dinner party discounts the punctuality of all his fellow guests—tardiness is more than carelessness—it's selfishness.

The most powerful machine can't move faster than its slowest wheel. The bird within range while on the fence can't be reached after it has flown away—you've got to do things while there's a chance of making good.

Effort is chiefly lost through misapplication. The men who know the most haven't done as much for the world as the men who do the most.

"Waiting until tomorrow" has destroyed more businesses, ruined more lives and annihilated more armies than the power of enmity.

The boy who stuck his finger in the dyke and saved the sea wall of Holland did as much by being on time as all the workingmen whose years of labor had created it—if he had run away to ask for information the Netherlands would indeed be the nether lands.

The Half-Bald Lady

Men who do things on time save much more than time. They discount the disadvantages which would keep them down if their better gifted and better educated fellows were as quick and as steady. The plodder gets along because he goes along—because he's not a waster—he gets ahead because he doesn't lose his head.

The ball team with a man at first who grabs at everything that comes his way—even if he makes a muff every now and then—is far stronger than the nine with a crack player who isn't watching the game.

When Old Judson promoted Smith to the management of the New York branch there was a howl among the other employes. "The trouble with you fellows," he said, "isn't that you ain't got the ability, but that I can't count on it. You're like the chocolate in the marble cake—it's there, but you can't tell where. Smith don't know half as much as half of you, but I'll get what he does know when I need it. I can't say that he'll make things move faster, but one thing certain, there ain't no time in the day that he'll keep things from moving."

The man who comes up from bedrock has a priceless heritage. He knows that poverty cannot ruin, merely check, so he risks more and has less than those who have been set upon the middle rungs of the ladder at the outset—whose imagination pictures the loss of money, as the loss of everything.

WHILE YOUR GRIT LASTS, YOU WILL

He didn't know that he could do it—he wasn't sure that he'd win—he heard the sneers and he saw the smiles of incredulity, but they didn't stop him—he believed in himself, and went ahead. Occasionally he fell down, but every bruise was an investment—it was a record of one of the wrong ways—an asset which showed him that he could survive, even if he was knocked over occasionally.

He's the man who wasn't content with candle light and went snooping around until he managed to perfect a lamp, and after he had the lamp, he yearned for more light—he kept yearning for it until he discovered gas. But even gas wasn't pervasive enough, and so he harnessed up electricity.

He wasn't praised at the start—the man

While Your Grit Lasts, You Will

who tries never is. One of the penalties of being greater is to run up against the grating envy and lashing skepticism of the "little folk." But it takes a lot more than an insult or a cold shoulder to chill the real winning impulse.

If you expect to be coddled and cheered—if you're looking for approbation and encouragement — if you haven't stamina enough to stand alone with your ambitions and to fight for them 'til you attain them—you're wasting dreams. It's one thing to believe in a theory and another to believe in yourself. Being brilliant is only half of the game—being brave is the other half. The road to the laurel grove runs up the side of a cliff. There are spots where you'll have to hold by your finger tips, but if you're not willing to take the risk, you don't deserve what's up top.

There was a time when strength decided greatness—when the strongest arm and the longest wind made chieftains, but the tourney is no longer the tilt-yard. For untold centuries the greatest brutes were

the greatest men—the same instinct that then sent their clubs swinging at the physically weak still survives. They don't understand—they never did understand—you can't expect them to share in your visions. They must touch things, feel them, see them, measure them—all their senses are physical, and so until they see you higher than themselves they won't place you where you belong.

You'll have to pay for wanting more, or being more or having more. They'll tear at you—they'll wear on you—they'll block your way—and hold you down until you gather force enough to squirm away from under the crowd.

You'll never suffer so much as when you're getting the least—you'll never need your confidence half so badly as when you doubt yourself most.

You'll have to be brave in the dark—dogged and purposeful. You don't need wealth or position. The want of things creates the impulse to attain them. Farm houses have bred more giants than middle-

While Your Grit Lasts, You Will

class competency. The man who comes up from bedrock has a heritage that is priceless. He knows that going back to bedrock will still give him a chance to start anew—that poverty cannot ruin, but merely check, and so he risks more and has less fear than those who have been set upon the middle rungs of the ladder at the outset—whose imagination pictures the loss of money as the loss of everything.

Come on and keep on—take your time and take your lickings—take everything that belongs to you—don't sell out to cowardice. When your grit has gone—you're done with. While it lasts, you will.

Why, it might pay you to have Tommy's mother come and work for you. Her system, if applied to your expense accounts, would save thousands per year. She takes a great interest in figures and practices all day long—"six pairs of socks—forty-seven towels—eight sheets—— —"

TOMMY'S MOTHER AND THE NEEDLE GATE

There was a camel—a very foolish camel—and there was a needle, with a very small eye, and the camel tried to thread his way through—eh, you know that old tale? Well, after all, it isn't really our story, which is about Tommy—the snub-nosed, red-headed Tommy who works for you. Perhaps you don't know him by name—but maybe this will identify him: The shabby boy whose cuffs never peep out and whose toes sometimes do.

It is unpleasant to have such an unkempt youngster about the place. Call him in and call him down, or, better still, send for his mother and insist upon more care in his appearance.

Tommy's mother is worth meeting; she's

Tommy's Mother and the Needle Gate

quite a wonderful person; a most remarkable mathematician. It would amuse you to see her figure out of her three weekly washings and Tommy's three weekly dollars, rent and clothes and food and coal and wood and doctor's bills, besides the world of other things that people must have if they must live. Why, it might pay you to have Tommy's mother come and work for you; her system, if applied to your expense accounts, would save thousands of dollars in the course of a year. She takes a great interest in figures; she practices all day long—"six pairs of socks—forty-seven towels—eight sheets"—

But then Tommy's mother is able in so many ways—a veritable admirable Crichtoness: laundry proprietress (and also delivery wagon for the laundry), cook, nursemaid, seamstress, upstairs-downstairs-and-general-utility-maid—but no woman ever knows what is in her until the heel of poverty begins to grind it out of her. And then a very strange thing happens; she grows so healthy that she doesn't go to bed

on account of headaches or feel that it's at all necessary to run to the mountains and unprostrate her nerves. It's really more wonderful than the faith cure—this poverty cure. (Next time your wife complains, look her over and consider how much good it might do her.)

Any mother who can perform so many other marvels of industry has no excuse for neglecting the hole in Tommy's pants. She's growing careless—that's it. She's probably wasting her time planning Easter costumes. Oh, these women—they require so much reflection before they can decide between a mauve messaline over gray taffeta or a pale lavender Panama cloth with baby Irish. (This spring's delicate tints, if unwisely chosen, are apt to play havoc with the complexion.)

But it's quite possible that Tommy's mother is really made of the same meat and strung with the same nerves as your wife; and sixteen hours of day-after-day drudging to half-feed and half-clothe her babies may have so numbed and blinded

Tommy's Mother and the Needle Gate

her that she misses sight of such a big thing as a little rent in a boy's suit.

All of which foregoing dribble is rank sentimentality, in which neither of us believes.

But (for argument sake) suppose you were sentimental and did believe in things, and suppose you took Tommy down the street and made ten dollars behave like a complete wardrobe (the same kind of a ten-dollar bill which paid for the wine after theater last night), and suppose—

But, as we just agreed, neither of us is sentimental. Still, if we were, and there is a needle-eyed gate somewhere between here and hereafter, mightn't it be possible that you could squirm through it more readily if your pockets were thinned out occasionally for Tommy—in which case his mother might know a prayer that would help out, if the eye squeezed very hard?

If you don't believe in yourself, you've lost before you've fought. Give yourself half the show that you'd ask from anyone else and you've won the greatest part of your battle and gained the allegiance of at least one firm believer to take the place of a traitor.

THE MOST USELESS THING IN THE WORLD

Hurry more and you'll worry less. You can't gain by moping and you may attain by hoping. Regret is a poor cement—it can't mend anything. Don't poison tomorrow's hope with yesterday's despair. Nothing can be half as bad as you can picture it. The amount of vitality it takes to chew the cud of misfortune will extract enough mental nutrition to create another fortune.

Work it off! Worry is a disease of idlers. Despair is a fungus—a parasite that absorbs the vitality of the will. No man can keep the same head filled with energetic ambitions and enervating doubts.

You discount on the wrong end. Shift. Try the other side and maybe you'll get a

The Most Useless Thing in the World

view-point which shows that you're half as badly off.

If you don't believe in yourself, you've lost before you've fought. Master your fears—just give yourself the show that you'd ask from anyone else and you've won the greatest part of your battle because you've gained the allegiance of at least one firm believer to take the place of a traitor.

Perk up! Get the yellow paint out of your veins and instead fill them with the blood of determination. Control yourself and you needn't bother about the rest of us.

Granted that you have your troubles—forget them. They're the most thoroughly useless things on the face of the earth. Grow busy and they'll grow small.

Worry is like a mold—it can't get hold of anything that's moving any more than a creeper can cling on a spinning fly-wheel.

If you're threatened with reverses, remember that rain doesn't fall from every storm cloud. Each hour that intervenes

gives you an opportunity to find an umbrella—to plan some way of surviving.

No man can do his best when he is tied hand and foot with his doubts and shackled with fright.

The last barrier thrown up at the last moment has saved more than one army from annihilation. So long as you can stand, remember that you're not downed—so long as you can hope, there's a chance to fulfill the hope. You can always be defeated—that will take care of itself without any aid from you.

Every other failure is through fear. Grit is the biggest asset you can own. Old Man Hallowell didn't think more of a dollar than you think of your right eye, but he loved pluck more than money because pluck is the mold in which money is minted. He built his fortune by backing up men who never backed down.

Charlie Walters might have been even as big as he thought himself if he had kept his nerve keyed up to the same pitch as his fear, but the Old Man caught him look-

The Most Useless Thing in the World

ing over an insurance prospectus one day. It was just when Charlie's concern was getting it hard from a half dozen quarters and Hallowell's backing was the very backbone of his resources.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" Hallowell asked.

"Oh, nothing, I was just figuring on some more life insurance. You see there's just one chance that we may go to the wall, and I thought I'd look out for the future."

"Charlie," said Hallowell, "instead of figuring over those policies, you sit right down and figure who'd be likely to buy my interest. I'm through. I'll follow a fighter to hell, but I won't follow a flunker to the corner. Since you've reached the conclusion that there's one chance of our failing, I've made up my mind that we haven't a chance. You ain't got the stuff in you to win—you can't down your own nerves. If you'd spent more time calculating how to beat this game instead of abusing your days and nights snooping around for pitfalls, you and me would still be 'we.'

When a man is looking for trouble, his eyes become telescopes—he can see it on Mars. A leader who don't believe in his own cause ain't got any. You've kept worrying and worrying over nothing—now begin to bother over something. It's happened. Any man who worries long enough won't be disappointed."

The Most Useless Thing in the World

There must be a cause behind those who find battles before them. The mercenary is never a soldier—he's fighting for money and not for a cause—he's a hired man whose sword can only be driven with his brute strength—he cannot strike with the courage of his convictions.

THE MAN WHO JUST WANTS MONEY

The man who plays the game is the man who gets the gain; he fights for more than the award. To him the prize means nothing unless it stands for something—unless it is a token of victory.

There must be a cause behind those who find battles before them. The mercenary is never a soldier—he's fighting for a money and not for a cause—he's a hired man whose sword can only be driven with his brute strength—he cannot strike with the courage of his convictions.

The Hessians fell like grain before the reaper; they had no flag to inspire them. They marched into the conflict under the lash of avarice, and so they could not endure against the untrained laymen—the

farmers and the tradesmen and the artisans —who opposed desultory ranks against their trained formations, but who flailed them to the ground simply because it was more than mere muscle and drill manual that dug their bayonets and sped their bullets—they were not aiming at men but at a menace—they were not fighting for pay but for patriotism.

The man who does not strain for the joy of conquest or the defense of right—who does not match wit and tenacity for the glory of reaching something beyond, makes of his struggle a labor. He is like the professional gambler (who leads the dullest and the most sordid of lives)—he counts the winnings and not the winning. His sordidness cheats him of the delight and thrill of the game. The sprinter who sees a purse at the end of the course can't get that into his legs which will carry him past his rival racing toward the pot at the end of the rainbow—who is filled with something of a finer texture—who hears a cheer instead

of a clink when he hurls himself against the tape.

The biggest things that this world has seen were wrought for the sake of the fame and glory that came out of their achievement.

The lust for possession is futile against the thirst for mastery—the longing to be respected and admired and famous is a sharper spur than the dig of greed.

Love is the most beautiful part of life and love cannot be bought—whether it be the love of a woman or the love of friends or the love of self-respect or the love of a people—the very act of purchase makes purchasing impossible.

The mightier compensations must be earned—they are not ticketed with a price. Fame, affection and admiration have no stalls in the Market Place. The Esau who traffics his birthrights for dishes of golden pottage takes away a tasteless mess.

The man who merely wants money is perpetually starving—he can never have enough of it—no matter how much he

The Man Who Just Wants Money

secures, there is still more to be had, and to the end of his days he is a slave on the treadmill of the gods, driven on and on over the whirling paddles of the wheel of Mammon—as ridiculous as an old Dobbin, futilely jogging after the sack of oats forever dangling just beyond his nose.

The right man can't be kept out of his rights. You can't hold him from his proper place. You can merely drive him from your place. He won't do his best for you unless you prove to him that he is doing the best for himself.

DON'T TRY TO UNDER-PAY

You won't fare far if you don't share fair. A leader must have followers, and others will not fight for you if they must fight with you. Inappreciation destroys organization.

Even royalty cannot exist without loyalty. Empires are not built by kings alone. The throne of Napoleon was reared upon the batons of his marshals. Generosity carried him further than selfishness. The crown of France was his reward for his rewards.

Men will not serve well unless they are served well. There's but one standard which inspires absolute allegiance—which arouses the utmost energy and tenacity and zeal—the banner of self-interest, the one flag which is never waved in vain.

Ability constantly seeks its best market place. The worker who is under-paid first becomes a shirker and eventually a deserter.

Don't Try to Under-Pay

An employer who does not divide his profits with those who helped to make them will not profit through his over-share. He cannot bind men to his service by blinding them to the value of their services. Competition is always waiting and watching to post his helpers upon the current price of merit.

When men resign under the lash of ingratitude, they consider the old books balanced when the old desk is closed and feel justified in using all their experience and training and information for the benefit of their next paymasters.

The right man can't be kept out of his rights. You can't hold him from his proper place. You can merely drive him from your place. He won't do his best for you unless you prove to him that he is doing the best for himself. Shrewdness makes partners of all subordinates in whom there is the making of competitors.

It was not so much the merchandising skill of Marshall Field as his knowledge of human nature which established him as

the most eminent storekeeper of his era. His genius never displayed itself so clearly as in that policy which led even the cash boy to think that it lay entirely with himself to become a part owner. He doubled the efficiency of his employes by doubling their ambition. He knew that his clerks would require little watching or coaching if they could be made to feel that only negligence and listlessness would hold them in minor positions.

Don't Try to Under-Pay

Old Sam Southgate celebrated his sixtieth anniversary by putting four new names on the firm's stationery. "I'm indulging in a real birthday present," he said, "—peace of mind. You boys know all the weak spots of this business and I don't mean to have my rivals get hold of you and batter me to pieces in my old age. Oh, don't thank me; I'm looking out for myself; I'm simply buying an insurance policy on my past efforts. If I died tomorrow my wife wouldn't know how to run things, and for fear of bad management on her part I'm selecting you to make sure

Don't Try to Under-Pay

that the business won't be wrecked. It's cheaper to give you half than to have you grab everything a little later. Besides, the combined ideas and energy of you four men will more than double the value of the concern and increase my fifty per cent equity beyond my present total holdings. So jump in and put your youth to work while I start to learn leisure."

Like the boy who ate the green apples in the dark, he doesn't find out that his judgment is bad until he can't change his mind.

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T REALLY COUNT

He tries to build by lying instead of trying, but if his head were as long as his ears, he'd realize what an ass he is. His viewpoint is all askew—he doesn't know the difference between being "smart" and "clever" or "sly" and "shrewd."

He mistakes his blindness for the world's esteem. If he were one whit less contented, he'd discover that he's just a human ostrich with his head buried in the sands of conceit and his real character revealed to every one. He is not a man of mark, but a marked man. The outcry that follows him is always a jeer instead of a cheer. Before long, he stands marooned upon the shores of life, vainly signaling for some friendship to sail him back to safety.

The Man Who Doesn't Really Count

He lives on the theory that every one is a bigger fool than himself, but he is like the illustrator who has used his face as a model until he unconsciously outlines his own personality in every drawing.

He sows betrayal and double-dealing, and because the seed of his deceit doesn't sprout at once he forgets the consequences. He isn't aware that a lie always finds its voice, and when it does start to shout a foghorn is a whisper in comparison.

He can no more escape his irresponsibilities than he can halt his shadow by slugging it with a sand bag.

His past may be slow in finding his trail, but when it limbers up and goes in pursuit it travels with a speed that makes a sixty-horse-power racing car look like a rheumatic snail.

He is trying to pick the lock of Fortune, but no moral burglar has ever turned the trick. If he has any doubt upon this point, a little research into the affairs of a few of his predecessors, to-wit: Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold or the late Cassie Chad-

wick, will supply him with considerable information.

He chooses the down-grade and goes on his way deluded with the idea that he's the rising man, but, like every other lobster, he's moving backward all the while he's trying to get ahead.

Whenever he is endorsed, he turns himself into a human promissory note and proceeds to discount himself, leaving his innocent friends saddled with the settlement when his misdeeds fall due. He is no better than a chicken thief who robs a henroost, eats the fowl and throws the head and feathers on his neighbor's back-door step.

When it's far too late, he awakens to the realization that one wrong won't cover another, any more than salt will blot out a claret stain—it's bound to work its way through and show. A dozen lies piled on top of the first one won't hide what's at the bottom—they merely act as coats of varnish and bring it out more clearly.

He exercises all the ingenuity and schem-

The Man Who Doesn't Really Count

ing and procrastination within his power to circumvent facts—but fact is a sort of widow's overgrown son—bound to come popping up when least wanted.

Like the boy who ate the green apples in the dark, he doesn't find out that his judgment is bad until he can't change his mind.

Old Man Norton had the situation down pat:—"There's two kinds of varmints which I ain't got no use for—a rattler and a liar—givin' preference, howsomever, to the reptile, it bein' agin' his code, as a snake and a gentleman, to deceive nobody as to his intentions."

He bestows nothing upon humanity except harm—he is a greater enemy to society than the thief—for he would steal the very seed of inspiration from which betterment takes root.

TO THE PESSIMIST

You are the most utterly useless of all humans. Without the ability to create, you aim to kill the spirit of creation; without the skill to produce, you seek to check the advance of progress.

You are a poison oak in the forest—a creeper without the strength to climb on your own stem. You not only are fruitless, but one degree worse than sterile—you absorb vitality to no purpose and hurt everything with which you come in contact.

Despite the evidence of all the ages, you still refuse to recognize that nothing can be achieved without trial—that nothing can be accomplished unless it is attempted with courage and enthusiasm—you make of yourself a check-rein wherever there is

To the Pessimist

call for a spur—you persist in kicking with discouragement every striver who needs the helping hand of confidence.

When all the machinery of civilization is doing its best to speed faster, you turn in reverse, and exert your utmost to force every wheel down to your slower ratio.

You have no imagination and yet you try to discount all new thought. Without the courage of a single conviction, you wish to reduce the zeal of strong, sane and far-seeing intellects. Without a constructive idea, you continually hurl your incredulity at every rising wall.

Had the world relied upon your tribe for its progress, this earth would still be a raw expanse of rock and dirt—a chaos in chaos.

Your grandsires in the darker centuries burned a thousand great-souled men because they dared to do things better—enlightenment has uprooted the Stake so that the most you can do to-day is to consume the ambitions of your contemporaries in the flame of discouragement.

To the Pessimist

Four hundred years ago you would have stood in the ranks of the hooting mobs that stoned and reviled the chain-laden Columbus. As a Puritan bigot, yours would have been the hand that fired the fagots at Salem.

Had wills of your calibre prevailed in America, Bell, Morse, Edison, McCormick, Wright and Fulton would have died unknown.

Were all men cast in your narrow measure, there would be no trans-continental trains; no tunnels beneath the Hudson—the barber would continue to wield the surgeon's knife upon patients tortured for the lack of anaesthetic mercy.

You're just an ignoramus—you won't learn the indisputable truths. Education is wasted upon you.

Opportunity is squandered every time you are given a chance.

You bestow nothing upon humanity except harm; you are a greater enemy to

To the Pessimist

society than the thief—for you would steal the very seed of inspiration from which betterment takes root.

To be pessimistic in this hour of illustrious deeds—to proselyte despair in a century which has disproven the impossibility of impossibilities is to insult society and to wear the livid brand of confessed incompetence.

Humanity does not bestow affection upon those who correct its hypocrisies and its conceits, but it grants them honor. It does not love its moral surgeons, but it obeys and follows them.

THE WORLD NEEDS A MAN LIKE THIS

The man who does not possess the courage of his convictions can never hope to convince the rest of us that he possesses courage. You must fight for your beliefs before the world will believe in your fights.

When you set out to attain the respect of mankind, remember to count your self-respect first and after that the respect of your fellows will last.

The cause of nine successes out of ten is the cause and not the success for which the battle is made.

We need leaders, but we insist that they shall prove their right as well as their might to lead. If opposition discourages you, we'll be discouraged in you. We acknowledge a better only after we have

The World Needs a Man Like This

been bettered. We do not elect our superiors; we submit to their greatness. We do not give way to those who flatter us, but to them who batter us. Every man Jack in the land would much prefer to command than to serve. Therefore, your ambition to stand at the head of the line means a contest all down the line.

We must have more men in our midst who will dare to help us by hurting our vanity and correcting our faults. Far too many of us lack the manhood to look our weaknesses squarely in the eye and call them by their unvarnished names.

We do not wish the surgeon's knife, but when it saves something we acknowledge its beneficence—we are not fond of the index finger of the diagnostician, but when its jab produces a jump, it signifies that something is wrong underneath.

The physician who cuddles his patients—the manager who coddles his superior—the chief who does not discipline his men, are all cowards and must pay the penalty of cowardice—they eventually fall to the

ground—they must fall by the law of gravity—the gravity of Truth.

Wounded vanity has never as yet been known to prove fatal, but many a patient and many a cause and many an enterprise have been killed because a yellow-veined hypocrite at a crucial moment winked at the existence of a wound rather than wound a weakness.

Humanity does not bestow affection upon those who correct its hypocrisies and its conceits, but it grants them honor. It does not love its moral surgeons, but it obeys and follows them.

They may arouse our anger, by forcing us to realize that we have wronged ourselves, but every time they demonstrate that we are small, they make us acknowledge that they are great.

Vanity is ever blinding us. We have a habit of looking away from our flaws and enlarging our virtues. We love our self-love more than we love ourselves. We need help at all times and in all places.

We are surfeited with demagogues—we

The World Needs a Man Like This

have far too many hypocrites, but society is pitifully lacking in giants—everywhere the call is sounding for Men—for strong men—men with clear vision—men with clean hearts—men who dare to nail a lie and tell a truth—who fear to fail in nothing so much as in themselves.

You weren't content to have the butterflies flutter past in the sunlight you caught them to feel the spangles on their wings and the moment you touched the gauze all the purple and the gold rubbed off and they died in your hands.

THE MAN WHO SNEERED AT SANTA CLAUS

You're the man who drove the fairies out of their dells; the gnomes hide as you enter the woods; the squirrels won't talk to you; you don't understand what the wind says at night; and you can't even see the face of the man in the moon.

You weren't content to have the butterflies flutter past in the sunlight; you caught them to feel the spangles on their wings, and the moment you touched the gauze all the purple and the gold rubbed off and they died in your hands.

You set a snare for the rainbow, and after you'd trapped it in your prism it stopped being a rainbow and just turned into a haze of colored lights.

The Man Who Sneered at Santa Claus

Oh, the fortunes and fortunes you've lost —all your dreams—all your faiths! You've sold your birthrights. And now you're alone, and miles and miles and miles away from home!

You set forth in the wrong direction through the Gate of Years—down the Path of Tears. Why, already there's grey in your hair; so how can YOU know about Santa Claus?

You went hunting for him, just as you searched for the pixies and elves, and of course you couldn't find him because DOUBT blurred your eyes. Your name is on his blacklist. He never stops at your chimney.

At which you probably shrug your shoulders and sniff and sneer and want us to think that he doesn't exist. But—

Way down in your heart (in a little lonesome corner which belonged to a forlorn boy who got lost inside of you) you KNOW that Christmas is real, that there IS a Santa Claus, and that he rides over all the world in a single night—in a wonderful

sleigh that simply can't be emptied, no matter how many guns and drums and horses and dolls and blocks and books he takes from it.

You've heard the bells on his reindeer when they champed on the gables as he wheezed and puffed and squeezed down the tight old chimney place. (You never could understand how he managed to get through it, because it wasn't really a chimney, but just a hole, no bigger than the stove-pipe. But the chimney didn't pinch at all—you BELIEVED that he would come, and Faith widened the way for him.)

He always brought the very things for which you wrote, too. Mother helped you with the letter—you and she composed it. She guided your hand, and even suggested what to ask for.

But you sealed the envelope all by yourself, and mother took it out with her the next morning, because she knew the exact letter box from which he received his mail.

Where are your sneers now? You know you'd give half the world to go back to-

night and crawl upstairs to the bedroom under the eaves and wish things again—half the world to sleep at "home" one more Christmas Eve!

No boy ever truly slept on the eve; but you pretended to with all your might and main. And when mother and father tiptoed into the room and stood beside the cot you peeped through one half-opened lid and wondered why he kissed her. And once a moonbeam slipped in and fell on her face and you saw tears on her lashes.

And as it grew later and the wind growled and howled and the branches of the old locust slapped against the window, you moved over and pinched brother to keep him awake as you had promised.

It seemed like a whole year of nights before you heard the sleigh bells. My! You lay still and squeezed your eyes shut and you gave a snorty snore, for fear that Santa Claus might come upstairs and catch you waiting. And you didn't move again until you heard father lock his door.

Then you crept downstairs. The parlor

was dark; but the stove was redhot and its glow showed the ghostly row of stockings on the mantel. The big lump at the bottom of yours was an apple—you knew that without touching it; he always stuck an apple in the toe—and the thing sticking out was a jumping jack, which he'd put in the top for good measure, without your even asking for it. (He must have had plenty of jumping jacks, to be so liberal with them!)

And over in the corner stood the tree. You never did figure out how he got it down the chimney without smudging the angel with soot.

The angel stood at the very top, and she had silver wings that glistened like snow, and all over the branches were golden whirlimajigs and glass balls and red-striped peppermint canes and cornucopias with pictures pasted on them and festoons of pop-corn and chains of red and blue and green and yellow and white paper. The toys were spread around on the floor.

Your gun with the bayonet was resting

against a "real-skin" horse, and on the other side was a soldier set mounted on a big red card with gold edges.

Sister's doll, which could open and shut its eyes (just as she asked), was resting as comfortably as you please in a blue rocking chair that was meant to be used.

And the baby's shoo-fly had a rattle and a closed box on the tray that hung between the heads of the dappled grays.

You had no business to touch that box, and it served you right that you got a scare when an impudent red-nosed Jack with carrot-colored whiskers popped up and shook his cap in your face.

Besides all these gorgeous gifts from Santa Claus were the two handkerchiefs for mother and the carpet slippers for father and the "Sanford and Merton" that Aunt Theresa sent you, and the drum from Uncle George.

They don't make drums like that nowadays. The new ones haven't anything like the right sound.

You couldn't wait until you had slipped

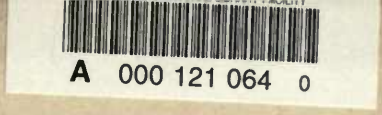
the tape around your neck and pulled the sticks from the sides—and then—"Rub-a-dub-dub . . . ."

Why, it isn't the drum at all—it's the steam radiator sounding "Taps!"—calling you to come back—back over the Road of Years—back to NOW.

But you're lonely and wistful and you want to stay and hear the sleigh bells ring—you want one more real Christmas.

The things you can buy in the shop are all wrong. You can't get any fun out of them.

Christmas gifts don't count if they aren't brought down the CHIMNEY.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